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ABSTRACT

Students gain from a sense of the living history that surrounds Harper Lee's novel, "To Kill a Mockingbird." Through studying primary source materials from American Memory and other online sources, students of all backgrounds may better grasp how historical events and human forces have shaped relationships between black and white and rich and poor cultures in this country. This lesson plan seeks to guide students on a journey through the Depression Era of the 1930s. Activities in the lesson plan familiarize the students with southern experiences through the study of the novel and African American experiences through the examination of primary sources. The lesson plan: lists educational objectives; gives time required and recommended grade level; addresses curriculum fit; notes resources used; and suggests enrichment activity resources. It provides the following procedure for classroom implementation: I. Navigating American Memory--developing search strategies; II. Historical Understanding of Setting--visual literacy with photographs of Alabama during the Great Depression; III. Exploring Oral History--analysis of oral histories from Alabama collected between 1936-40; IV. Writing Connection--create a town poem based on photographs in Lesson II; V. Getting into the Novel--reading first 10 chapters with activities building on Lessons II and III; VI. Mob Justice--continued reading of the novel with parallel primary source readings on mob behavior and lynching; VII. Justice in the Courts--continued reading of the novel; and Pulling It All Together--students complete one or more culminating activities. Also contains extension and evaluation activities. (NKA)

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The Learning Page... lesson plans

"To Kill a Mockingbird": An Historical Perspective.

By

Kathleen Prody and Nicolet Whearty

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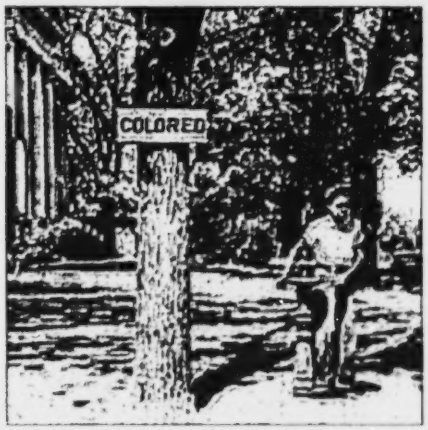

To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

Kathleen Prody and Nicolet Whearty

Students gain a sense of the living history that surrounds the novel *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Through studying primary source materials from American Memory and other online resources, students of all backgrounds may better grasp how historical events and human forces have shaped relationships between black and white, and rich and poor cultures of our country.

This unit guides students on a journey through the Depression Era in the 1930s. Activities familiarize the students with Southern experiences through the study of the novel and African American experiences through the examination of primary sources.

Objectives

Students will:

- learn about the history of African Americans in the South through analysis of historical and literary primary source photographs and documents;
- demonstrate visual literacy skills;
- master research skills necessary to use *American Memory* collections;
- be able to distinguish points of view in several types of primary sources;
- be able to identify literary devices and figurative language in historical documents and personal narratives;
- demonstrate the technique of recording oral histories; and
- write creative works that reflect the themes of racism, compassion, and tolerance in *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

Time Required

4 to 5 weeks, depending on the time allowed for reading the novel. Activities range from 1 to 4 days. Several optional extension activities can affect the length of the *To Kill a Mockingbird* unit.

Recommended Grade Level

10th grade; adaptable for 7-12th grades

Curriculum Fit

Interdisciplinary, encompassing mastery skills in language arts and history. The unit emphasizes language arts and includes: creative writing, critical analysis of the printed page, theme, voice, visual literacy, and research skills.

Resources Used

American Memory:

- African American Perspectives: Pamphlets from the Daniel A. P. Murray Collection, 1818-1907
- America from the Great Depression to World War Two: Photographs from the FSA-OWI, 1935-1945
- American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940
- Words and Deeds in American History: Selected Documents Celebrating the Manuscript Division's First 100 Years

"The Scottsboro Boys" Trials

Southern Poverty Law Center

A View from a Helena Black by Dr. Raymond Howard

Eyes on the Prize: America's Civil Rights Years, Part I: The Awakening. New York, NY: Viking, 1987.

Hugo, Richard. *The Triggering Town: Lectures and Essays on Poetry and Writing*. New York: Norton, 1979.

Lee, Harper. *To Kill A Mockingbird*. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1960.

Enrichment Activity Resources

Brown, Sterling A. "Strong Men" from *Collected Poems of Sterling A. Brown*. Evanston, Ill.: TriQuarterly Books, 1996.

Douglass, Frederick. "A Child's Reasoning," Chapter VI of *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*. Hartford, Conn.: Park Publishing Co., 1881. Documenting the American South, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill Academic Affairs Library.

DuBois, W.E.B. *The Souls of Black Folks*. New York: Bantam Classic, 1989. University of Virginia Electronic Text Center.

Feelings, Tom. *Middle Passage: White Ships and Black Cargo*. New York: Dial Books, 1995.

Haley, Alex. *Roots*. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1976.

Hughes, Langston. *The Negro Mother and Other Dramatic Recitations*. Freeport, N.Y.: Books for Libraries Press, 1971.

Jacobs, Harriet A. *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl*. Boston: Published for the Author, 1861. Documenting the American South, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill Academic Affairs Library.

Juneteenth Pictorial: Middle Passage.

Mr. Lincoln's Virtual Library, American Memory.

Northup, Solomon. *Twelve Years A Slave: Narrative of Solomon Northup, a Citizen of*

Newark, Kidnapped in Washington City in 1841. Auburn, N.Y.: Derby and Miller, 1853. Documenting the American South, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill Academic Affairs Library.

Randall, Dudley. "Booker T. and W.E.B." in Danner, Margaret and Dudley Randall. *Poem Counter Poem*. Detroit, MI.: Broadside Press, 1969.

Procedure

See the Procedure page for a complete description of activities with links to appropriate materials.

I. **Navigating American Memory** - developing search strategies.

II. **Historical Understanding of Setting** - visual literacy activity with photographs of Alabama during the Great Depression.

III. **Exploring Oral History** - analysis of oral histories from Alabama collected between 1936-40.

IV. **Writing Connection** - create a town poem based on photographs in lesson II.

V. **Getting into the Novel** - reading first 10 chapters with activities building on lessons II and III.

VI. **Mob Justice** - continued reading of the novel with parallel primary source readings on mob behavior and lynching.

VII. **Justice in the Courts** - continued reading of the novel.

III. **Pulling it all Together** - students complete one or more culminating activities.

Extension

Multidisciplinary enrichment activities:

The Roots of Slavery - readings in primary sources to provide multiple pictures of slavery and the slave trade.

The Emancipation Proclamation: Unfulfilled Promises - Using drafts of the proclamation and a speech at an Emancipation anniversary celebration, students compare promise and reality.

Opposing Perspectives on the "Race Problem" - Using a speech by Booker T. Washington and an excerpt of a text by W.E.B. DuBois, students debate the positions held by both men.

Struggle for Equality - Using readings from African American Perspectives, 1818-1907, students prepare a 60 Minutes-style news program.

Evaluation

Student evaluation will be based on:

1. Completion of all writing assignments:
    - town poem
    - found poem
    - editorial
    - response to oral history interview
    - comparison/contrast thesis-based essay;

2. An objective test on the novel; and

3. Active participation in all class discussions.

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http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/amhome.html

The Library of Congress

American Memory

Historical Collections for the National Digital Library

Collection Finder

Select collections to search

Search

Search for items across all collections

Learning Page

Teaching and learning with American Memory

Today in History
August 22

What's New

FAQs

How To View

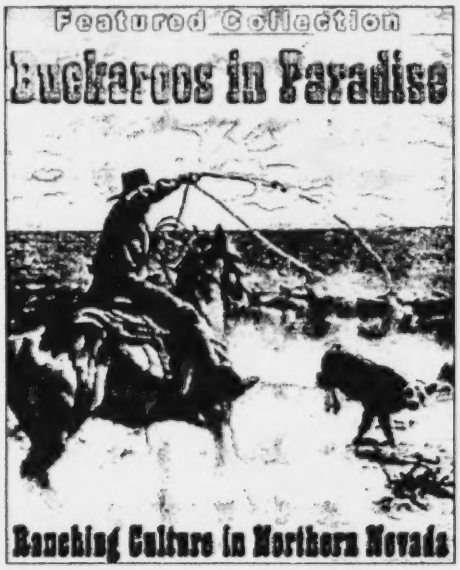
Copyright & Restrictions

Technical Information

Future Collections

American Memory is a gateway to rich primary source materials relating to the history and culture of the United States. The site offers more than **7 million digital items** from more than 100 historical collections.

Search example of the day: peach



International Horizons
Digital Collections from around the world

America's Library
For kids and families, featuring content from American Memory and other Library of Congress sites

Sponsors
See who is helping to bring a virtual library to all Americans for the 21st century

LC/Ameritech Competition
Unique content from other institutions has been added to American Memory through this competition, which ran from 1997-1999.

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African American Perspectives

Pamphlets from the Daniel A. P. Murray Collection 1818 - 1907

"The war for the Union was not the first one in which the African fought for the liberties of our country."
THE
Progress of Colored
Women
To Daniel
Murray

"The true test of the progress of a people is to be found in their literature"
-- Daniel Alexander Payne Murray

Rare Book and Special Collections Division, Library of Congress

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Search by Keywords | Browse the **Subject** or **Author** Index

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The **Daniel A. P. Murray Pamphlet Collection** presents a panoramic and eclectic review of African-American history and culture, spanning almost one hundred years from the early nineteenth through the early twentieth centuries, with the bulk of the material published between 1875 and 1900. Among the authors represented are Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, Ida B. Wells-Barnett, Benjamin W. Arnett, Alexander Crummel, and Emanuel Love.

The mission of the Library of Congress is to make its resources available and useful to Congress and the American people and to sustain and preserve a universal collection of knowledge and creativity for future generations. The goal of the Library's National Digital Library Program is to offer broad public access to a wide range of historical and cultural documents as a contribution to education and lifelong learning.

The Library of Congress presents these documents as part of the record of the past. These primary historical documents reflect the attitudes, perspectives, and beliefs of different times. The Library of Congress does not endorse the views expressed in these collections, which may contain materials offensive to some readers.

Special Presentation
The Progress of a People

Understanding the Collection

Timeline of African American History, 1852-1925:

Working with the Collection

How to view: Text | Images and illustrations

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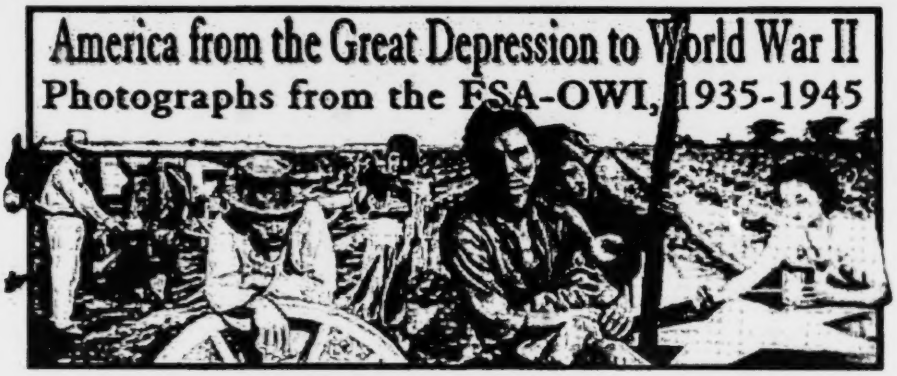

Black & White Photos
Over 160,000 photographs currently available

Color Photos
1600 total photographs

Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress

The images in the Farm Security Administration-Office of War Information Collection are among the most famous documentary photographs ever produced. Created by a group of U.S. government photographers, the images show Americans in every part of the nation. In the early years, the project emphasized rural life and the negative impact of the Great Depression, farm mechanization, and the Dust Bowl. In later years, the photographers turned their attention to the mobilization effort for World War II. The core of the collection consists of about 164,000 black-and-white photographs. This release provides access to over 160,000 of these images; future additions will expand the black-and-white offering. The FSA-OWI photographers also produced about 1600 color photographs during the latter days of the project.

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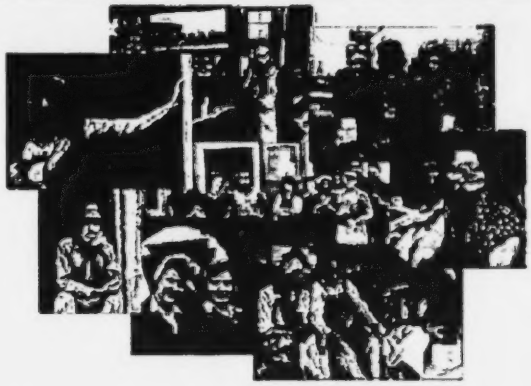
American Life Histories
Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940



Manuscript Division, Library of Congress

Search by Keywords | **Select** a state

These life histories were written by the staff of the Folklore Project of the Federal Writers' Project for the U.S. Works Progress (later Work Projects) Administration (WPA) from 1936-1940. The Library of Congress collection includes 2,900 documents representing the work of over 300 writers from 24 states. Typically 2,000-15,000 words in length, the documents consist of drafts and revisions, varying in form from narrative to dialogue to report to case history. The histories describe the informant's family education, income, occupation, political views, religion and mores, medical needs, diet and miscellaneous observations. Pseudonyms are often substituted for individuals and places named in the narrative texts.

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Special Presentation:
Voices from the Thirties: An Introduction to the WPA Life Histories Collection

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Understanding the Collection

About This Collection

States: Number of items for each represented

Bibliography

Working with the Collection

How to view: Text | Images

Editors and Technical Notes

Copyright and Other Restrictions

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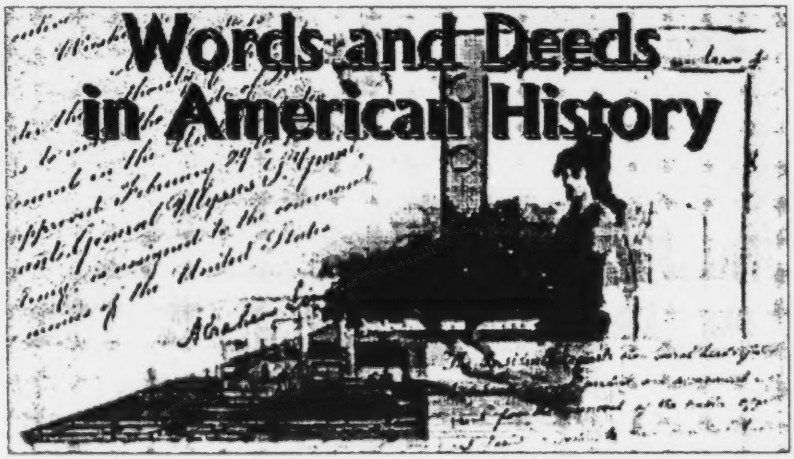

Selected Documents Celebrating the Manuscript Division's First 100 Years

Manuscript Division, Library of Congress

Search by **Keyword** | Browse the **Name and Subject Index** | Browse the **Chronological List**

In honor of the Manuscript Division's centennial, its staff has selected for online display approximately ninety representative documents spanning from the fifteenth century to the mid-twentieth century. Included are the papers of presidents, cabinet ministers, members of Congress, Supreme Court justices, military officers and diplomats, reformers and political activists, artists and writers, scientists and inventors, and other prominent Americans whose lives reflect our country's evolution. Most of the selected items fall within one of eight major themes or categories which reflect the division's strengths. Each of these themes is the focus of a separate essay containing links to digital reproductions of selected documents. A detailed description accompanies each document, and additional information about the parent collections may be obtained by following links to catalog records and finding aids.

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The Presidency | Congress, Law, and Politics | Military Affairs | Diplomacy and Foreign Policy | Arts and Literature | Science, Medicine, Exploration, and Invention | African-American History and Culture | Women's History | Miscellany

Special Presentation:
Collecting, Preserving, and Researching History: A Peek into the Library of Congress Manuscript Division

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To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

A View from a Helena Black
By Raymond Crump Howard

In response to the recent Ku Klux Klan "wannabees" this past Halloween I experienced the common feelings of disgust and outrage. However, on a deeper more personal level my emotional reactions are fear, anger, and rage. Fear when I recall the historical atrocities of bigotry, discrimination, and racial violence committed in the name of White Supremacy. Anger that these beliefs and behaviors continue to exist. And rage that I must control or I become no better than the oppressors.

Dr. Raymond Crump Howard,
professor emeritus
in counseling and psychology,
San Diego State University

As a fourth generation Montanan and a Black person whose roots began in Helena in the mid-1860s, this incident reminded me of the generational obligations of black families (and probably most families of People of Color) to prepare our children to be able to successfully walk in both the Black world and in the White world.

My great-grandmother, Clariss Jane Crump, born into slavery in Virginia, came to Helena in the mid-1860s as a young girl. When she was quite old and I was quite young, I vividly remember my introductory lessons from her on how to behave and to survive in the world of white people. Then more learning from my grandmother, then more from my father and mothers, and on into my adulthood. Then it became my turn to pass the lessons on to my children and grandchildren. The lessons always have the same theme, how to effectively manage our fear, our anger, and our rage.

In Helena today my family and I can hear racial slurs against Native Americans, derogatory remarks about gays and lesbians, jokes and slurs toward Jewish people, and of course, the ever present references to niggers. Each encounter with these bigoted remarks sparks our fear, our anger, and our potential for rage. Yes, we react with protest, with condemnation, and with anger. But it is our lifelong challenge to control our fear, our anger, and to keep our rage hidden. We must always be better human beings than those who choose to oppress.

I have always taught my children that there are many good and honest white people who will always stand by you during racial strife. However, they are cautioned to choose their friends wisely. To be wary of "friends" who say they are colorblind, who say that they see no difference, that you are just a person to them. Our racial differences are significant and obvious. Our history and culture in America have made it necessary for us to have a view of the world that is alert, protective, and always on guard. Our differences, however, are positive, contributing, and essential to the fabric that binds American people together. In my own life I have many lifelong friends here in Helena and other parts of Montana whose deep respect and acceptance for my racial heritage I value and trust totally.

During the recent display of calculated racism in our town, my family and I have been deeply moved by the overwhelming rejection of such behavior. This has come from a wide variety of people, public officials such as Mayor Colleen McCarthy, from the Montana Human Rights Network, and of course from our friends.

I am confident that Clarissa Jane and James Wesley Crump would be pleased to see the many positive changes that have evolved in Helena from the 1860's to the present. They would be pleased to see that the current generations of their offspring are walking more confidently and safely in the two worlds, and that the two worlds are coming closer in their acceptance of each other. They also would not be surprised to see that racism and bigotry, in its many forms, stubbornly clings to life in the minds and actions of those who choose to persecute and oppress individuals and groups who happen to be different from themselves.

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To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

Procedure

I - Navigating American Memory (1 Day)

1. Familiarize the students with computer lab policies and introduce them to *American Memory*.

2. Broad Search Activity
   - Ask students to do a search of American Memory using the keywords *The Great Depression* and list which collections contain information. Select "Match all these words" to search on the entire phrase.
   - Ask students to evaluate whether the resources returned in the search cover the Great Depression of the 1930s.

3. Narrow Search Activity
   - Ask students to do a search of America from the Great Depression to World War Two: Photographs from the FSA-OWI, 1935-1945 and identify photographs documenting the African-American experience of 1935-1940.

     Note: The collection has two sections: color and black and white. Each section has its own search page, although the collections can be searched together. It is usually better to search each section separately since the subject terms for the two groups of photographs were assigned at different times and used different conventions.

     The color section has a subject index that will list images under the subject heading, Afro-Americans. The black and white section does not have this subject term. To find items, students must brainstorm other words for African American and use the Search by Keyword function. The keyword *negro* will find 100 'hits' in the section.

II - Historical Understanding of Setting (2 days)

1. Students view photographs from America from the Great Depression to World War II: Photographs from the FSA and OWI, ca. 1935-1945 in American Memory. (Students should be given time to browse this collection, then select one photo for careful analysis.)

   1. Direct students to go from the main home page to the home page for the black and white photographs. From there they should select the State and Country Index. From the State and Country Index, they should browse through photographs from three locations:

Alabama--Dallas County—Selma
Alabama--Eutaw
Alabama—Greensboro

2. After browsing through these images, students should select one photo for careful analysis. They should use the Visual Literacy Guide for their analysis. If time allows, students should browse some of the other photographs in this collection.

2. The Prints and Photographs Division of the Library of Congress also has a collection of images entitled "Photographs of Signs Enforcing Racial Discrimination: Documentation by Farm Security Administration-Office of War Information." (A link to this collection is in the descriptive text on the America from the Great Depression to World War II, 1935-1945 home page for the black and white photographs.) Ask students to read the information explaining the nature of the photo collection then review the photographs. They should select one and use the Visual Literacy Guide for their analysis.

III - Exploring Oral History (3 days)

1. Ask an oral historian to speak to the class on the value of oral history as a research tool and as a vehicle for passing history from one generation to the next.

2. Review with students the concepts of open and closed questions and what kinds of questions best serve the oral historian.

   Note: Folklife and Fieldwork: A Layman's Introduction to Field Techniques, by the American Folklife Center at the Library of Congress, has pointers for conducting oral history interviews.

3. Take the students online to American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940 and read about the collection.

4. Take the students through the Special Presentation: "Voices from the Thirties." Begin with the Introduction: "Who Were the Federal Writers and What Did They Do?"

5. Download and print "I's Weak an' Weary" from *American Life Histories, 1936-1940*. The class should read this document and determine voice, time, and place.

6. Working in groups of 2 to 3 students, ask students to read oral histories from WPA Life Histories from Alabama and complete the Oral History Guide.

   Suggested readings:
   - "Amy Chapman's Funeral"
   - "Looking Around With a Hay Farmer"
   - "Sallie Smith"
   - "The Story of Katy Brumby"
   - "Terrapin Dogs"

7. From the oral histories reviewed, ask students to create an original work, either a found poem or an interpretive reading, from the materials they have reviewed. They may use one or a combination of readings. They must capture the voice of the selection and perform their original material in an open mike setting.

IV - Writing Connection (1 day)

http://lcweb2.loc.gov/learn/lessons/98/mock/lesson.html

Students create a "Town Poem" from their observations of the photographs in Lesson II.

Directions for students:

Create an imaginary town based on the photographs you viewed from the Library of Congress collections.

- Take emotional possession of the town.
- Rely on your impressions and your subjective observations.
- Let your imagination give each person, building, object its own story.
- List assumptions, hunches, observations and feelings.
- What are the town secrets?
- What is the mood or tone of the town?
- Write a poem about your town in the second person.
- You have never been to this town, but write as though you have lived there all your life.

Note: For more information on Town Poems, consult *The Triggering Town: Lectures and Essays on Poetry and Writing* by Richard Hugo.

V - Getting into the Novel (3 days)

1. After reading the first three chapters of the novel, students should refer back to their notes on the photographs they viewed from America from the Great Depression to World War II: Photographs from the FSA and OWI, ca. 1935-1945 in American Memory and "Photographs of Signs Enforcing Racial Discrimination: Documentation by Farm Security Administration-Office of War Information."

2. Review Harper Lee's descriptions of Maycomb and discuss pictures from the collection that could be scenes from Maycomb.

3. Ask students to reflect on the oral histories studied in Activity III and compare the language, colloquial expressions, and the vocabulary unique to the Depression Era and the Deep South to the style and dialogue in *To Kill a Mockingbird.*

4. The first ten chapters of the novel focus on the Arthur (Boo) Radley story line with only hints of the racial unrest building around the Tom Robinson story line.
    - Ask students to identify examples of discrimination against Arthur Radley.
    - Draw contrasts and parallels between that discrimination and the discrimination directed toward African Americans in earlier readings.

5. Begin a list of the foreshadowings of racial tension that will grip Maycomb during the Tom Robinson trial.

VI - Mob Justice (4-5 days)

1. Prior to reading Chapter 15, view the Emmett Till story from the *Eyes on the Prize I : The Awakening* collection. (The Southern Poverty Law Center mentions Emmett Louis Till. Scroll to 1985.)
    - Students should draw parallels between the treatment of Emmett Till and the treatment of Tom Robinson regarding the charges and capture of each man.
    - Follow up with a discussion of vigilante justice.
    - Read Chapter 15 of *To Kill a Mockingbird*

2. Read an excerpt, "Clippings from Some of our Leading Southern Papers," from A Sermon on Lynch Law and Raping preached by Rev. E.K. Love, D.D., at the First African Baptist Church, Savannah, Georgia.
    - How are Love's comments on mob behavior reflected in Emmett Till's tragedy and in Tom Robinson's experience?

3. Read an excerpt from The Blood Red Record : a review of the horrible lynchings and burning of Negroes by civilized white men in the United States, as taken from the records with comments by John Edward Bruce from *African American Perspectives, 1818-1907*.
    - Students should discuss how this article emphasizes the danger that Tom is in and the hopelessness of his case.

4. Optional Timeline Activity.

    At any time during the study of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, creating a timeline can enhance students' understanding of the story's sequence of events. In addition, the timeline gives students an opportunity to physically organize historical events and people mentioned in the novel.

    The timeline can span from 1890 to 2000. It should be large enough to be seen from any part of the room. For our purposes, our timeline was positioned horizontally across the front of the room, divided into decades, and color-coded so that literary happenings could be distinguished from historical events.

    During the portion of the book that recounts Tom Robinson's wait for his trial and the formation of a mob outside the jail, the timeline is especially effective for demonstrating to students how pervasive and longstanding the record of violence against African-Americans has been.

    Students should use African-American Perspectives, 1818-1920 and enter the Timeline of African American History, 1852-1925 for 1881-1900 and 1901-1925.

    Ask students to note the number of lynchings that occur during those years on black cards with white tags and attach them to the timeline. When the students have attached all the cards to the timeline, ask them to calculate the total number of lynchings that took place between 1880 and 1925. Ask students how the crime of lynching relates to the story and how it affects Tom Robinson.

5. Ask students to read Eleanor Roosevelt's letter against lynchings from Words and Deeds in American History in American Memory. They should consider the following questions:
    - What is her position on the issue of lynching?
    - What is the tone of her letter?
    - What words or phrases strengthen her argument?

6. After students have read passages from Love's sermon, the Chicago Tribune's accounts of violence at the turn of the century, and Eleanor Roosevelt's letter of 1936, and have seen the documentary of Emmett Till's death in 1955, ask them to compose a "Letter to the Editor" to express their own perspectives regarding prejudice and violence.

    - If their letter is in response to one of these historical documents, they should assume the writing style and tone of that specific time period.

    - If students prefer, their letter could explain how they feel about recent occurrences of racial violence. As an example they could refer to Dr. Raymond Crump Howard's letter to the editor published in *The Independent Record* in Helena, Montana on November 14, 1996. Dr. Howard expresses his response to an incident on Halloween night when young people dressed as Ku Klux Klan members assaulted a couple on the street.

VII - Justice in the Courts

1. After students read through chapter 22 in *To Kill a Mockingbird*, ask them to read information regaring the *"The Scottsboro Boys" Trials*. They can compare and contrast the trial of the Scottsboro Boys and the trial of Tom Robinson.
    - They can create a chart listing similarities and differences between:
        - the charges
        - the accused
        - the defense
        - the prosecution
        - the community response
        - the outcome
        - media coverage

2. They should then write a comparison/contrast thesis-based essay.

VIII - Pulling it all Together

Students should complete one or more of the following activities:

1. Newsletter

   Create a newsletter covering the trial of Tom Robinson, prepared by students in small groups. The newsletter should chronicle the events of the Robinson trial as well as cover related articles on similar issues of actual occurrences during the same time period.

2. Oral History Interview

   Observe an oral history interview of a member of their community conducted by an experienced oral historian. After the interview the students can write an account of the interview. (This exercise prepares the students to launch into a research project in which they will be taking oral histories of community members.)

   The power of *To Kill a Mockingbird* has much to do with the authentic voice and simple honesty of its narrator. As a culmination to the study of this novel, it is helpful for students to realize that the intolerance described by Scout exists in every community and in every era.

   Consider whether there are people in your community who have experienced prejudice during their lifetime. Look for individuals with an historical perspective on social attitudes and behaviors regarding prejudice. Invite them to take part in an oral history interview conducted in front of the class and ask their permission to tape the interview.

   Prior to the oral history interview date, arrange for someone who has a background in oral history to explain the interview process to the students and to help generate questions for the interview. The day of the interview make both an audio and video recording of the interview.

   Leave time for students to ask the community member any follow up questions that arose while they listened to the interview. If you plan to retain the tapes for future viewing or for creative writing opportunities, be sure to obtain written permission from the interviewee.

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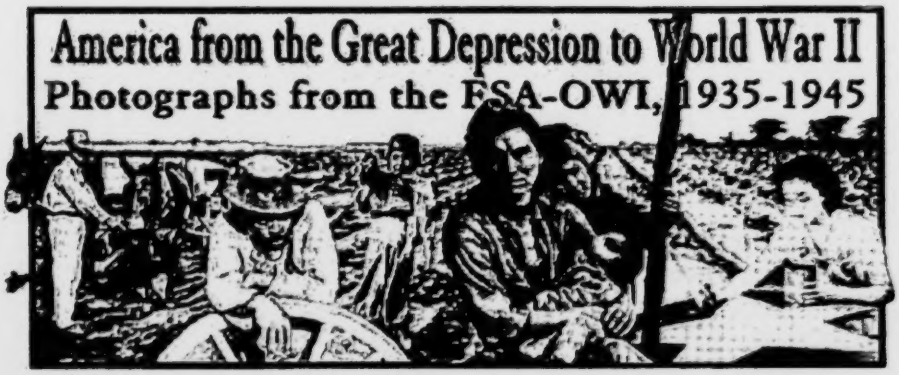
AMERICAN MEMORY



Black & White Photos
Over 160,000 photographs currently available

Color Photos
1600 total photographs

Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress

The images in the Farm Security Administration-Office of War Information Collection are among the most famous documentary photographs ever produced. Created by a group of U.S. government photographers, the images show Americans in every part of the nation. In the early years, the project emphasized rural life and the negative impact of the Great Depression, farm mechanization, and the Dust Bowl. In later years, the photographers turned their attention to the mobilization effort for World War II. The core of the collection consists of about 164,000 black-and-white photographs. This release provides access to over 160,000 of these images; future additions will expand the black-and-white offering. The FSA-OWI photographers also produced about 1600 color photographs during the latter days of the project.

The mission of the Library of Congress is to make its resources available and useful to Congress and the American people and to sustain and preserve a universal collection of knowledge and creativity for future generations. The goal of the Library's National Digital Library Program is to offer broad public access to a wide range of historical and cultural documents as a contribution to education and lifelong learning.

The Library of Congress presents these documents as part of the record of the past. These primary historical documents reflect the attitudes, perspectives, and beliefs of different times. The Library of Congress does not endorse the views expressed in these collections, which may contain materials offensive to some readers.

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To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

Visual Literacy Guide

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1. Write a complete bibliographic entry for the photograph you have selected.

2. What is the setting of the photograph?

   Indoors or out?
   Lighting?
   Urban or rural?
   What time of day or night?

3. Describe what you see in the photograph. Include specific details.

   Are there any people?
   Number?
   Age(s)?
   Clothing?
   Color?
   Distinguishing features?
   What catches your eye first?

4. What structures are in the photograph?

   Homes or businesses?
   In what condition?
   What is the spacing?
   What surrounds the structures?

5. What is the tone of the photograph?

   Heavy or light?
   Positive or negative?
   Dark or light?

6. Write a paragraph explaining your response to this question. Use specifics from your responses to the other questions to support your answer.

7. Write two questions that you might ask the photographer or the subjects of the picture if you had the opportunity to learn more about the photograph or / and its subject(s).

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Photographs of Signs Enforcing Racial Discrimination: Documentation by Farm Security Administration-Office of War Information Photographers

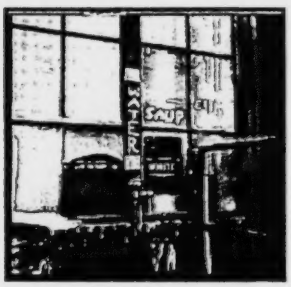
PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS DIVISION

Photographers working for the Farm Security Administration Historical Section (later transferred to the Office of War Information) were encouraged to document continuity and change in many aspects of life in America during the years the unit was in operation. They were particularly encouraged to photograph billboards and signs as one indicator of such developments. Although no documentation has been found to indicate that photographers were explicitly encouraged to photograph racial discrimination signs, the collection includes a significant number of this type of image, which is rarely found in other Prints and Photographs Division collections.

This reference aid includes all the known images of discrimination signs found in the Farm Security Administration-Office of War Information file of photographic prints. This list was compiled in response to frequent patron requests for such images. The list is updated as additional images are discovered.

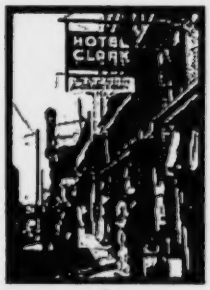
Photographic copies of the images may be ordered through the Library of Congress Photoduplication Service (202-707-5640). When placing orders, the reproduction number should be cited.

Note: The following captions are transcribed from the original caption strips.



1

1) Bethlehem-Fairfield shipyards, Baltimore, Maryland.
May 1943.
Arthur Siegel, photographer.
"A drinking fountain." [Sign: "White."]
Location: D-90666
Reproduction Number: LC-USW3-26442-E



2

2) Memphis, Tennessee. October 1939.
Marion Post Wolcott, photographer.
"Secondhand clothing stores and pawn shop on Beale Street."
[Sign: "Hotel Clark, The Best Service for Colored Only."]
Location: E-2185
Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-30637-M3

3) Durham, North Carolina. May 1940.
Jack Delano, photographer.
"A street scene near the bus station."
Location: E-255

Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-20522-M5

3

4

4) Durham, North Carolina. May 1940.
Jack Delano, photographer.
"At the bus station."
Location: E-5153
Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-20522-M2

---

5) - 12) Memphis, Tennessee. September 1943.
Esther Bubley, photographer.
"People waiting for a bus at the Greyhound bus terminal." [All are variants of the same scene, variously captioned]

[Sign: "White Waiting Room."]
Location: E-5153

Reproduction Numbers:
5) LC-USW3-37973-E
6) LC-USW3-37974-E
7) LC-USW3-37975-E
8) LC-USW3-37977-E
9) LC-USW3-37986-E
10) LC-USW3-38020-E
11) LC-USZ62-87187
12) LC-USZ62-87397

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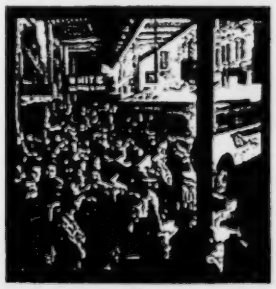
6



7

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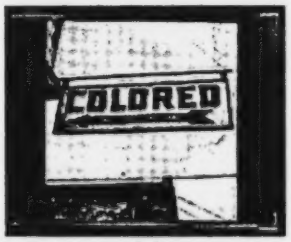
12

---

13) On the way from Louisville, Kentucky to Nashville, Tennessee. September 1943.
Esther Bubley, photographer.
"A rest stop for Greyhound bus passengers on the way from Louisville, Kentucky to Nashville, Tennessee, with separate accommodations for colored passengers." [Sign: "Colored Dining Room in Rear."]
Location: E-5153
Reproduction Number: LC-USZ62-62919

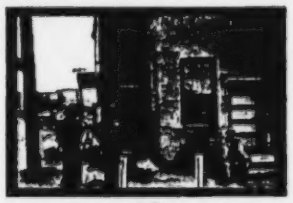
13

14) Rome, Georgia. September 1943.
Esther Bubley, photographer. "A sign at the Greyhound bus station."
[Sign: "Colored Waiting Room."]
Location: E-5153
Reproduction Number: LC-USZ62-75338



14

15) Manchester, Georgia. May 1938.
John Vachon, photographer. "A railroad station." [Signs: "Colored Waiting Room" and "Colored Men."]
Location: E-5203
Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-1172-M4


15

16) South Carolina. June 1939.
Marion Post Wolcott, photographer.
"A highway sign advertising tourist cabins for Negroes." [Sign: "Cabins for Colored."]
Location: E-527
Reproduction Number: LC-USF34-51945-D

16

17) Memphis, Tennessee. June 1937.
Dorothea Lange, photographer.
"A fish restaurant for Negroes in the section of the city where cotton hoers are recruited." [Sign: "Bryant's Place Hot Fish for Colored."]

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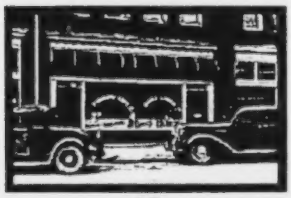
Location: E-9063
Reproduction Number: LC-USF34-17593-E

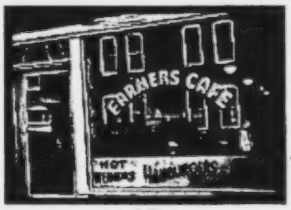
17

18) Durham, North Carolina. May 1940.
Jack Delano, photographer.
"A cafe near the tobacco market." [Signs: Separate doors for "White" and for "Colored."]
Location: E-9064
Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-20513-M2



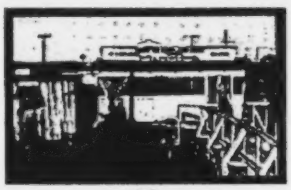
18

19) Durham, North Carolina. November 1939.
Marion Post Wolcott, photographer.
"A cafe in the warehouse district during tobacco auction season." [Sign: Separate door for "White."]
(This is the same building and sign as in #18.)
Location: E-9064
Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-30700-M1



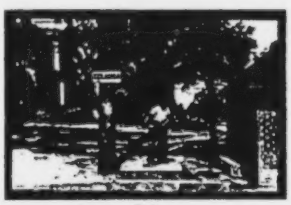
19

20) Belle Glade (vicinity), Florida. January 1939.
Marion Post Wolcott, photographer.
"A lunch room." [Sign: "White & Colored Served."]
Location: E-9064
Reproduction Number: LC-USF34-50500-D



20

21) Halifax, North Carolina. April 1938.
John Vachon, photographer.
"A drinking fountain on the county courthouse lawn." [Sign: "Colored."]
Location: E-90666
Reproduction Number: LC-USZ62-100414



21

22) Belzoni, Mississippi, in the delta area. October 1939.
Marion Post Wolcott, photographer.
"Negro man entering movie theater by "Colored" entrance."
[Signs: "Colored--Adm." and "White Men Only."]
Location: E-915
Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-30577-M2

22

23) Leland, Mississippi, in the Delta area. June 1937.
Dorothea Lange, photographer.
"The Rex theater for colored people." [Sign: Rex Theater for Colored People."]
Location: E-915

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Reproduction Number: LC-USF34-17417

23

24) Leland, Mississippi, in the delta area. November 1939.
Marion Post Wolcott, photographer.
"The Rex theater for Negro People." [Sign: "Rex Theater for Colored People."] (This is the same building and sign as in #23.)
Location: E-915
Reproduction Number: LC-USF34-52508-D

24

25) Lancaster, Ohio. August 1938.
Ben Shahn, photographer.
"Sign on a restaurant." [Sign: "We Cater to White Trade only."]
Location: F-9063
Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-6392-M4

25

26) Sisseton, South Dakota. September 1939.
John Vachon, photographer.
"Sign in a beer parlor window." [Sign: "No Beer sold to Indians."]
Location: G-9067
Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-1661-M3

26

27) Birney, Montana. August 1941.
Marion Post Wolcott, photographer.
"People who came to Saturday night dance around the bar." [Sign: "Positively no beer sold to Indians."]
Location: G-9067
Reproduction Number: LC-USF34-58491-D

27

28) Birney, Montana. August 1941.
Marion Post Wolcott, photographer.
"Signs behind the bar." [Sign:"Positively no beer sold to Indians."] (This is the same sign as in #27.)
Location: G-9067
Reproduction Number: LC-USF34-58504-D

28

29) Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. July 1939.
Russell Lee, photographer.
"Man drinking at a water cooler in the street car terminal." [Sign:

"Reserved for Colored."]
Location: H-90666
Reproduction Number: LC-USZ62-80126

29

30) Waco, Texas. November 1939.
Russell Lee, photographer.
"Sign above moving picture theater." [Sign: "The Gem Theatre Exclusive Colored Theatre."]
Location: H-915
Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-12498-M2

30

31) Memphis, Tennessee. October 1939(?)
Marion Post Wolcott, photographer.
"Beale Street, Memphis, Tennessee." [Sign: "Rex Billiard Hall for Colored."]
Location: E-936
Reproduction Number: LC-USF33-30639-M1

31

Go to:

- Prints and Photographs Reading Room
- Prints and Photographs Online Catalog (includes Farm Security Administration/Office of War Information photographs)
- Farm Security Administration/Office of War Information Black-and-White Photographs (via American Memory)
- Library of Congress Home Page

Library of Congress
Ask a Librarian (May 22, 2001)

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Voices from the Thirties

Life Histories from the Federal Writers' Project

© 1980 Ann Banks

Bridgeton, New Jersey. June 1942. Seabrook farm. Cannery workers. John Collier. Photograph, 1942. (LC-USF34-83260-C).

Introduction:
Who were the Federal Writers and what did they do?

Excerpts from Sample Interviews

Acknowledgements

WPA Life Histories Home Page

The Great Depression and the New Deal

[Tuskeegee, Alabama.] Photographer unknown. Photograph, 1936. Courtesy of the National Archives. (69 MP-56-1, box 5).

During the Great Depression of the 1930s, when as many as one out of four Americans could not find jobs, the federal government stepped in to become the employer of last resort. The Works Progress Administration (WPA), an ambitious New Deal program, put 8,500,000 jobless to work, mostly on projects that required manual labor. With Uncle Sam meeting the payroll, countless bridges, highways and parks were constructed or repaired.

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The Federal Writers' Project

Staff of the Federal Writers' Project. Photographer unknown. Photograph, 1938. Courtesy of the National Archives. (69 N, box 4, negative 18021).

The WPA included a provision for unemployed artists and writers: the Federal Arts Projects. If they were poor enough to qualify, musicians, actors, directors, painters and writers could work directly for the government. The New Deal arts projects made a lasting impact on American cultural life and none contributed more than the Federal Writers' Project. At its peak, the Writers' Project employed about 6,500 men and women around the country, paying them a subsistence wage of about $20 a week.

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The Federal Writers

Miss Zora Neale Hurston, African-American novelist and anthropologist of New York City and Florida. Photographer unknown. Photograph, 1935. (LC-USZ62-62394).

The Writers' Project provided jobs for a diverse assortment of unemployed white-collar workers including beginning and experienced writers--those who had always been poor and the newly down and out. Among those Federal Writers who went on to gain national literary reputations were novelists Nelson Algren, Saul Bellow and John Cheever, and poet May Swenson. Distinguished African-American writers served literary apprenticeships on the Federal Writers' Project, including Ralph Ellison, Margaret Walker, Zora Neale Hurston and Richard Wright.

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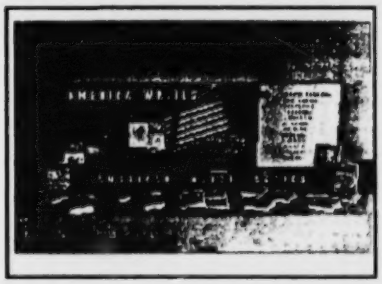
What the Federal Writers Did



Federal Writers' Exhibit. Photographer unknown. Photograph, 1940. Courtesy of the National Archives. (69 N, box 18, negative 10162).

During the Project's early years, the Federal Writers produced a series of state guidebooks that offer a flavorful sampling of life in the United States. Now considered classics of Americana, these guides remain the Federal Writers' Project's best-known undertaking; many have been reissued in the past decade. But the Federal Writers' Project also left a hidden legacy. In the late 1930s, Federal Writers recorded the life stories of more than 10,000 men and women from a variety of regions, occupations and ethnic groups.

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Voices from the Thirties

Farm woman with home-made jelly. Russell Lee. Photograph, 1939. (LC-USF33-12450).

People who told stories of life and work during the 1930s include an Irish maid from Massachusetts, a woman who worked in a North Carolina textile mill, a Scandinavian iron worker, a Vermont farm wife, an African-American worker in Chicago meat packing house, and a clerk in Macy's department store.

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Memories of Billy the Kid

[WPA Post Office Mural in Storm Lake, Iowa.] Dan Rhodes. Painted mural, undated. (Lot 3135.)

Many Americans in the thirties remembered the nineteenth century as vividly as some people now recall the Depression years. The life history narratives tell of meeting Billy the Kid, surviving the Chicago fire of 1871, making the pioneer journey to the Western Territories, and fleeing to America to avoid conscription into the Russian Czar's army.

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Forgotten Life History Interviews

Federal Writers' Project--Personnel at work on American Guide. Photographer unknown. Photograph, undated. Courtesy of the National Archives. (69 N, box 4, negative 7238-C).

These accounts were meant to be published in a series of anthologies that would form a mosaic portrait of everyday life in America. There were projected volumes on granite carvers, western pioneers and tobacco workers, among others. But by the end of the Depression, the New Deal arts projects were under attack by congressional red-baiters. Following America's entry into World War II, the Writers' Project came to a halt. A vast store of unpublished material was housed in the Library of Congress and was overlooked until recently.

This collection of life histories does not include photographs of the individuals who told their stories. In order to illustrate the narratives in this interpretive program, we have reproduced portraits of other individuals taken during the same time period, identified as "surrogate images."

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Interviewing Ordinary People

B. A. Botkin. Photographer unknown. Photograph, undated. Courtesy of the National Archives. (208-PU-S-7042-4, box 11).

Most life histories were gathered under the direction of Benjamin A. Botkin, the folklore editor of the Writers' Project. Like many intellectuals of his generation, Botkin was horrified at the rise of fascism in Europe and worried about possible consequences of that trend at home. By assembling occupationally and ethnically diverse life histories, he hoped to foster the tolerance necessary for a democratic, pluralistic community.

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The Benefit to American Literature

Bethlehem-Fairfield shipyards, Baltimore, Maryland. May 1943. Lunch time. Arthur Siegel. Photograph, 1943. (LC-USW3-23627-E).

Although Federal Writers were not supposed to do their own creative work on Project time, many found that the Writers' Project experience offered considerably more than a meal ticket. Benjamin Botkin regarded the life history narratives as "the stuff of literature" and he expected Federal Writers to draw on them as raw material. No fan of "ivory tower writing," he shared the desire of literary realists to move "the streets, the stockyards, and the hiring halls into literature."

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Fictional Echoes

Nelson Algren. Photographer unknown. Photograph, undated. (LC-USZ62-97839).

Many Federal Writers' field research did influence their subsequent fiction. Passages in Nelson Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side* echo his interview with a Chicago prostitute. Mari Thomasi, who collected life stories of Vermont granite carvers, based her novel *Like Lesser Gods* on that experience. Sam Ross, who interviewed jazz musicians, wrote *Windy City,* a novel that describes the Chicago music scene as he knew it as a Federal Writer in the 1930s.

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Getting it Down

Mrs. Hannegan (right) runs a boarding house for girls working in war plants. Marjory Collins. Photograph, 1943. (LC-USW3-27727-D).

Federal Writers learned from the act of collecting narratives as well as from the stories themselves. The life history interviews were conducted before the days of tape recorders, so the stories had to be reconstructed from notes and memory. Botkin encouraged Federal Writers to listen for characteristic speech patterns and vernacular language.

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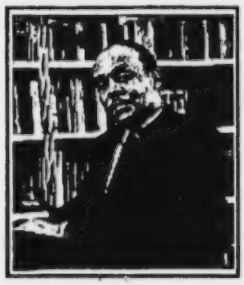
Ralph Ellison Practices



Ralph Ellison, African-American author and college instructor. Photographer unknown. Photograph, 1961. Courtesy of the National Archives. (61-8989, 306-PS-A).

In his Writers' Project interviews, Ralph Ellison began to experiment with ways of capturing the sound of black speech that he refined in his novel *Invisible Man*. "I tried to use my ear for dialogue to give an impression of just how people sounded. I developed a technique of transcribing that captured the idiom rather than trying to convey the dialect through misspellings." A Pullman porter Ellison interviewed in a Harlem bar told him, "I'm in New York, but New York ain't in me," a refrain he later borrowed for *Invisible Man*.

Getting People to Talk

Heard County, Georgia. May 1941. African-Americans visiting on the street on Saturday afternoon. Jack Delano. Photograph, 1941. (LC-USF33-20841-M2).

Botkin stressed the *process* of conducting interviews, directing his Federal Writers to "make your informant feel important. Well-conducted interviews serve as social occasions to which informants come to look forward." Each Federal Writer interpreted this advice according to his or her own inclinations. Said Ellison: "I would tell some stories to get people going and then I'd sit back and try to get it down as accurately as I could."

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Sharing Beer . . .

Childersburg (vicinity), Alabama. May 1941. Mrs. Dutch Gross, who with her husband has opened a lunch room at Kymulga, near an entrance to the new powder plant. Jack Delano. Photograph, 1941. (LC-USF34-44423-D).

Federal Writer Stetson Kennedy recalls interviewing people in their Florida homes over a glass of beer. After establishing rapport, he would tell them "their lives were so interesting they should be written down. Most people agreed and the more notes you took, the better they liked it."

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. . . and Adversity

Fayetteville (vicinity), North Carolina. March 1941. A woman who lives with her family in an old street car. Jack Delano. Photograph, 1941. (LC-USF34-43326-D).

Since the Federal Writers themselves were on relief, they were viewed sympathetically and frequently accepted as equals by those they interviewed. Betty Burke recalls feeling that bond with the packing house workers she talked to in Chicago. "We were poor ourselves and these people were, if anything, even poorer, so I was very close to them. I understood every word they said with all my heart."

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What Do the Stories Express?

Washington, District of Columbia. June 1943. A man on the street. Esther Bubley. Photograph, 1943. (LC-USW3-32202-E).

The accuracy of most of these memories can't be confirmed, but perhaps it is more useful to ask instead, what do these stories express? Personal recollection has a significance of its own and offers a window onto the ways people shape their identity and see the world around them.

http://lcweb2.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/wpa:@field(DOCID+@lit(07010907))

AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | NEW SEARCH

American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940

["I's Weak an' Weary"]

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Week ending Aug. 18, 1939.

LIFE STORIES SERIES.

Isaac Grove, Retired Negro

Farmer, Hillsdale Road, Cottage Hill Ala. Mobile Co.

Ila B. Prine, Writer, Mobile, Ala. *{Begin deleted text}* ISAAC GROVE, RETIRED NEGRO FARMER. *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* "I'S WEAK AN' WEARY" *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}*

"Jes a minnit, Miss, I'll git right up and talk to you[.?]"

Isaac sounded as *{Begin deleted text}* tho *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* though *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* it was an effort to get out of bed and open the door, as grunts came from the room.

When the door opened and he stepped out, it gave you the impression that an old prophet had come back in the form of a negro.

He is six feet tall, with broad shoulders that are very erect for a man eighty years old. His close-cropped hair and sparse beard *{Begin deleted text}* was *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* were *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* snowy white. His clothes showed signs of long wear, especially the thin faded blue shirt. The brown trousers were held loosely upon him *{Begin deleted text}* with *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* by *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* suspenders that had been mended with strings *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* and his feet were bare. He stood with a *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* Questioning *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* expression on his face, and he hesitated before speaking.

{Begin deleted text} You will *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* You'll *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* have to excuse me, Miss," he apologized, "I neber gits up early any more *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* because *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* cause *{End inserted text}* I'm gittin' so *{Begin deleted text}* that *{End deleted text}* I can't hardly see. *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* nearly blind, and *{Begin deleted text}* I'm *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* I's *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* too old to work, so I jes *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* stays in bed unless somebody comes and calls me.

"You see *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* been livin' in dis section *{Begin deleted text}* of de country *{End deleted text}* ever since two years *{Begin deleted text}* after *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* atter *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* de *{Begin deleted text}* Surrender *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* S'render *{End handwritten}*

{End inserted text} . I wuz six years old when my Ma and Pa brung me here. Dere wuz five of us chillun, two girls and three boys. Dey's all dead now 'cept me and one ob de boys, *{Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* I don't know where he is. He strayed off some place an' I ain't got no record of him.

{Begin deleted text} yes'm *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* Yes'm, *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* it gits pretty lonely here by myself, but de Lord has been good to me. *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* had good health all my life until not long ago I wuz a pullin' on a vine and it broke an' I fell *{Begin deleted text}* against *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* 'against *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* a stump an' broke two or three of my ribs. Since den *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* got rheumatism and

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I gets weak spells.

"I sometimes wonders how I does manage, but God's got a few christian people left in dis world, and some of dem comes and brings me *{Begin deleted text}* something *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* somethin' *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* to eat. You take not long ago, *{Begin deleted text}* I had *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* I'd *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* been up to *{Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* store to git a little kerosene, and de man what lives over yonder called to me and said, 'wait a *{Begin deleted text}* minnit *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* minute *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* *{Begin deleted text}* [.,?] *{End deleted text}* . In a little while here come aa child bringing me a bucket wid some grub in it. Some church woman had sent it by him. Dere wuz a piece of meat in it, as well as cooked things, an' *{Begin deleted text}* dat is *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* dat's *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* de only reason *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* got any meat now.

"But I does know *{Begin deleted text}* that there is *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* dat dere's *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* as much difference in people as dere is in chalk and cheese. For you take dat boy of mine, he's de only one left out of de seven *{Begin deleted text}* chillun *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* chillun *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* me and de old woman had. One Sunday when dey had de big baptizing three months ago, I asked him for a quarter, he said 'I'll give it to you *{Begin deleted text}* after *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* atter *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* while. I'll come by your house *{Begin deleted text}* after *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* atter *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* de *{Begin deleted text}* baptising *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* baptisin' *{End inserted text}* . Dat boy ain't been by here, nor I ain't seed him *{Begin deleted text}* until *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* 'til *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* de other day, when de *{Begin deleted text}* association *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* 'sociation *{End inserted text}* had *{Begin deleted text}* dere *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* de *{End inserted text}* big turnout. He aint neber give me dat quarter, and he had it de afternoon I asked him for one. Jes *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* to think how I worked to take care of *{Begin deleted text}* them *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* him *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* , too. If *{Begin deleted text}* I had *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* I'd *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* saved de money *{Begin deleted text}* I've *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* I's *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* made on dis place, *{Begin deleted text}* instead *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* 'stead *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* of *{Begin deleted text}* letting *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* lettin' *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* them run through with it, I wouldn't be poor now, 'cause *{Begin deleted text}* I've *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* I's *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* made plenty on dis place. I used to haul some good stuff from under dis hill. I *{Begin deleted text}* remembers *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* 'members *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* one load of 'taters and beans, I got *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text}* eighty dollars *{Begin deleted text}* for *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* fer *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* it. Law, yes, *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text}*

{Begin inserted text} I's *{End inserted text}* raised stuff on de ten acres I cultivated, course I had fifteen all together, but only had ten fenced. It ain't fenced now, *{Begin deleted text}* tho *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* though. *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* Folk's kept a stealing de posts and lumber for stove wood, until *{Begin deleted text}* there *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* dere *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* ain't a one left. Den dey warn't satisfied

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wid dat; dey stole my chickens, and finally *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* toted off my chicken house.

"My first house where we lived wuz down dere under de hill, where you see dem big oaks trees. It got *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text}* bad *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* and de old woman wanted a bungalow built up here on de hill, so seventeen years ago I started dis house for her, but never did git it finished *{Begin deleted text}* before *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'fore *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* she died thirteen years ago. It wuz a strange thing how she wuz taken. She hadn't been feelin' rail good for sometime, but wuz *{Begin deleted text}* [able?] *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* able *{End inserted text}* to help in *{Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* field. She had a washin' she always done on Mondays, den she helped me in de field 'til Friday when she ironed. *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* Dis Friday I carried de clothes as I *{Begin deleted text}* always *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* allus *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* did. *{Begin deleted text}* That *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* Dat *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* night *{Begin deleted text}* during the night *{End deleted text}* sometime she got up and fell in *{Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* floor. When she got back in de bed she said she wuz all right. Next day she seemed to feel bad *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* I watched her all day *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* but didn't say nothin'. Sometime durin' de night I heard my old mule scufflin' in de barn and I went out to see *{Begin deleted text}* about *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'bout *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* him, and while I wuz out dere I heard her fall again. So I hurried in de house and found *{Begin deleted text}* she had *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* she'd *{End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* fallen *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* fell *{End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* pushed de window open, but had crawled in de bed by de time I got to her. I told her den not to try to git up any more by herself no matter where I wuz, call me. But she didn't say nothin.' *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* Next *{Begin deleted text}* ,morning *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* mornin' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* she warn't able to git up, and by afternoon I noticed her tongue wuz gittin' thick, and heavy. So I said to her *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* "Ain't you seed nothin' this week?' and she said 'No.' So I asked her if de Lord seed fit to take her, wuz she ready to die? She *{Begin deleted text}* told *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* tol' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* me, 'You know *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* ready. *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* repented and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'pented an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* been saved a long time ago; and you know she never spoke again *{Begin deleted text}* until *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* 'til *{End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* following Wednesday morning when it wuz jes a crackin' day; she jus shouted herself away. Lord *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}*

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{Begin deleted text} that *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* dat *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* wuz a good woman. *{Begin deleted text}* She had *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin*

handwritten} She'd *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* been a member of the Ebenezer Baptist Church for years, *{Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* she was also a member of de Starlight Hall. De Hall is *{Begin deleted text}* an *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* association *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'sociation *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* what takes care of *{Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* sick and *{Begin deleted text}* burries *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* buries *{End inserted text}* de dead. *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* been a member of it *{Begin deleted text}* until *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'til *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* I got where I couldn't keep up my sick *{Begin deleted text}* [benefit?] *{End deleted text}* fees. Dey *{Begin deleted text}* told *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* tol' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* me *{Begin deleted text}* that dey would *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* dey'd *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* bury me for what *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* all ready paid in, but I *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* jes' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* has to *{Begin deleted text}* depend *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'pend *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* on de good christian people to help me when I gits sick.

"I sometimes *{Begin deleted text}* think *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* thinks *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* when I gits hongry, an' *{Begin deleted text}* especially *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* specially *{End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* after *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* [atter?] *{End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* way my boy acted, I wish I could die. If God don't care for me, *{Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* sooner and *{Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* quicker I wants to go, for I knows he's ready for me. *{Begin deleted text}* [? long] *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* Long *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* as he wants me to stay here, he's *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* go'na *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* give me food.

"You know, *{Begin deleted text}* Miss *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* Missie *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* I stands for *{Begin deleted text}* what is *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* what's *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* right *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* and I don't believe in all dis dancin' and *{Begin deleted text}* frolicking *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* frolickin', *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* an' dat's de reason *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text}* my own boy treats me bad. *{Begin deleted text}* Dey is *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* Dey's *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* all de time havin' dese wild dances and parties. Dat boy has got *{Begin deleted text}* eleven *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'leven *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* chillun and dey is bad. One of his boys, my own grandson *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* robbed me here *{Begin deleted text}* about *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'bout *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* two years ago. I wuz gittin' a little help from de Government, and I had three dollars and ten cents in my pocket. De wey dey knowed it wuz, I went up to de store and I'm so blind I can't hardly see, so I asked him to take a dollar and buy me some coffee, so dey seed me wid dat money. *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* Dat night I took off my pants and hung dem on de bed post. When I gits on my back I snores loud, *{Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* dey could hear me, so dey work at my door and gits it open and takes my pocket book, and when I wakes *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* my axe wuz lyin' *{Begin deleted text}* across *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'cross *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* my front door. I know dey had it to hit me wid, if *{Begin deleted text}* I had *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* I'd *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* waked up. But you see *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* God didn't suffer me to wake *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text}* 'til de next mornin'. I know God had a hand in caring for me,

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'cause any other time *{Begin deleted text}* I would have *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* I'd a *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* heard *{Begin deleted text}* them *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'em *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* , *{Begin deleted text}* because *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'cause *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* nobody can put dere foot on dat step 'less *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text}* I hear *{Begin deleted text}* them *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'em *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* . *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* But both of dem boys has paid for dere meaness; for Tunstall, my grandson wuz sent up for eighteen months for stealin' a cow from de woman what raised him. He even called de woman mamma, den stole her cow. De other boy *{Begin deleted text}* that *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* dat *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* wuz with him is *{Begin deleted text}* now serving *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* servin' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* three years for stealin' another cow by *{Begin deleted text}* himself *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* hisself *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* . So you see, folks thinks they can git away with their meaness, but God sho' will overtake *{Begin deleted text}* them [everytime?] *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'em *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* . He settles wid *{Begin deleted text}* them *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'em *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}*

"Jes *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* like a fellow name Ed Seifert what has lived here close by me all my life. Me and him both farmed *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* I *{Begin deleted text}* always *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* allus *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* had plenty tools, and when Ed would need anything I loaned it to him. *{Begin deleted text}* I have *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* I's *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* loaned him as much as ten dollars at a time, when he needed money. Well, a few years ago Ed bought *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* hisself *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* a cultivator *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* mine wuz *{Begin deleted text}* [work?] *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* worE *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* out, so I saw him one day, *{Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* I said, 'Ed, I *{Begin deleted text}* wants *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* [wnts?] *{End inserted text}* to borry your cultivator tomorrow if you ain't usin' it.' He said, 'Send over tomorrow and git it[',?] *{Begin deleted text}* so *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* So *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* de next *{Begin deleted text}* morning *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* mornin' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* my mind said don't send, go *{Begin deleted text}* yourself *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* yo' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* self, so I went; and when I got dere he said: 'You can't git it.' *{Begin deleted text}* Welln *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* Well *{End inserted text}* , I jes *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* looked at him in 'stonishment, *{Begin deleted text}* because *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* 'cause *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* to think of all the tools I had lent him, and even let him have money several times, I jes *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* couldn't help but say, 'Well, what *{Begin deleted text}* do *{End deleted text}* you know about *{Begin deleted text}* that *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* dat *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* ?' But I *{Begin deleted text}* comes *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* come *{End inserted text}* on home, *{Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* I didn't feel good *{Begin deleted text}* towards *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* t'wards *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* Ed for a long time. But one day I *{Begin deleted text}* saw *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* seed *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* him on de streets in Mobile, and I went up to him *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* and say, *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* Ed *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* I don't feel jes *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* right *{Begin deleted text}* towards *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* t'wards *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* you 'bout de way you treated me 'bout dat cultivator *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* After *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin*

handwritten} Atter *{End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* that *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* dat *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* , de bad feelin' left me and *{Begin deleted text}* Ed would *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* Ed'd *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* come over to my place[.?] [In?] *{Begin deleted text}* fact *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* fac' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* , he wuz here on de Sunday he died, he and some other mens come to see me, and Ed set on de bed by me. He left *{Begin deleted text}* after *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* atter *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* a little while and went to his mother-in-law's

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house, *{Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* dropped *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* drApped *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* dead face *{Begin deleted text}* forward *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* down`ard *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* on de ground.

"Well, *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* tain't no use thinkin' 'bout all *{Begin deleted text}* that *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* dat *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* now, for its all *{Begin deleted text}* past *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* pas' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* and gone. But *{Begin deleted text}* those *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* [dem?] *{End handwritten} {End inserted text} {Begin deleted text}* things will *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* things'll *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* come back to you sometimes, When you gits to thinkin' of *{Begin deleted text}* the past *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* de pas' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* . *{Begin deleted text}* That *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* Dat *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* reminds me of a strange thing *{Begin deleted text}* that *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* dat *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* heppened to me years ago. One day dis same Ed Seifert *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* been talkin' 'bout *{Begin deleted text}* and I *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' me *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* wus a-comin' through de woods where *{Begin deleted text}* we had *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* we'd *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* been *{Begin deleted text}* chipping *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* chippin' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* boxes for turpentine. Dis has been a long time ago, and night overtook us on de way home. Me *{Begin deleted text}* and Ed had *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' Ed'd *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* been talkin' about sperits, when all of a sudden one of dem come up *{Begin deleted text}* behind *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* behin' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* us. We both heard it *{Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* stopped, *{Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* when we stopped she stopped. You know long years ago women folks wore big skirts wid a heap of *{Begin deleted text}* [starthed?] *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* starched *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* clothes under dem. Well, dis sperit sounded jes *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* like a woman wid starched skirts walking fast, and every step *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* we'd take, *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* she'd take a step[,?] *{Begin deleted text}* hey *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* Dey *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* would sound zum, sum, zum, zum[.?] We never said a word 'til we got home, and I asked Ed if he heard dat sperit? He said 'Yes" and I told him by the 'turnel *{Begin deleted text}* [??] *{End deleted text}* God I did, too.

"Another time over on Bluff Creek in Mississippi, I wuz *{Begin deleted text}* agoin' *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}* goin' *{End inserted text}* up one trail-like road one night wid another man, and we had to pass *{Begin deleted text}* an *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {End inserted text}* old cemetery, and *{Begin deleted text}* he had *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* he'd *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* been teasin' me 'bout *{Begin deleted text}* ghosts and hants *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* g'osts and' h'ants *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* , when all *{Begin deleted text}* [of?] *{End deleted text}* a sudden we heard dis sound like de wind blowin' through the grass. We had to pass one more grave *{Begin deleted text}* that *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* dat *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}*

was by itself up *{Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* road from *{Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* cemetery, and jes *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* *{Begin deleted text}* before *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* 'fore *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* gettin' *{Begin deleted text}* there *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* dere *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* we had to pass a big *{Begin deleted text}* crepe *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* crape *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* myrtle tree, when all *{Begin deleted text}* of *{End deleted text}* a sudden *{Begin deleted text}* this ghost *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* dis g'ost *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* come right through *{Begin deleted text}* that crepe myrtle *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* dat *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* tree *{Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* went *{Begin deleted text}* ahead *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* 'head *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* of us, makin' a noise jes *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* like de wind. I told *{Begin deleted text}* that *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* dat *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* man to let it go, for I guess it was going to *{Begin deleted text}* the *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* de *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* grave ahead of us, and I sho' didn't want to interfere wid it. It sho' scared us both, but I knowed if

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we trusted God it couldn't hurt us. *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* always trusted him, and you see I'm still here.

"I come from a family of long livers anyhow," my *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* ma *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* lived to ninety-nine years old and my *{Begin deleted text}* grandparents *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* grandfolks *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* lived nearly dat long, too, so you see *{Begin deleted text}* I'se *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* I's *{End inserted text}* liable to be here sometime *{Begin deleted text}* yet *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* [yat?] *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* , but I hopes not, for *{Begin deleted text}* I'm *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* I's *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* weak *{Begin deleted text}* and *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* an' *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* weary of dis sinful world.

{Begin deleted text} Most *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* Mos *{End inserted text}* all dis younger generation is agin me 'cause I tells dem of dere sinful ways. But *{Begin deleted text}* I'se gona *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* I's go'na *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* fight for de lord as long as I kin." *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* [?] *{End handwritten}*

Information about SGML version of this document.

AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | NEW SEARCH

WPA Life Histories from Alabama

33 titles

List All Alabama Titles | Search All WPA Life Histories

These titles are mostly first-person accounts of life in Alabama collected during the Great Depression. The WPA project categories include: INDUSTRY, COMMERCE AND LABOR and AFRO-AMERICAN LIFE.

Subjects include: AGRICULTURE, including markets, prices, dairy, turpentine and fishing (recreation); RELIGION, including beliefs and wedding and funeral customs; DAILY LIFE, including pets, home furnishings, thefts, New Deal politics, mortgages and food; and OCCUPATIONS, including physicians, truck drivers and odd jobs handymen.

Interviews were conducted by project workers William P. Burke, Mary Chappell, Luther Clark, John R. Estes, Lawrence F. Evans, Covington Hall, Woodrow Hand, Helen S. Hartley, Vera L. Henry, Rhussus L. Perry, Ila B. Prine, Marie Reese, Ruby Pickens Tartt, Mildred Thrash, and Annie Webb.

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WPA Life Histories Home Page

To Kill a Mockingbird: An Historical Perspective

Oral History Guide

1. Who is being interviewed?
2. What is his/her title or position?
3. What is his/her race? Gender? Age?
4. Where is the interview taking place?
5. What is the date of the interview?
6. Who is the interviewer?

Describe what you read or heard.	What are your impressions?
• Summarize questions and responses. • Do not include every question and response. • Select those that best tell the story of the individual being interviewed. • Include direct quotes, using quotation marks when needed.	What are your impressions of the interviewee, based on what you have heard or read? • Include your personal observations and judgments about the interview. • Always anchor subjective responses in the data of the interview.

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[Amy Chapman's Funeral]

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Alabama

Ruby Pickens Tartt

Livingston, Alabama

Sept. 28, 1938

{Begin handwritten} Life History 511 So [Hull?] [???] *{End handwritten}*

AMY CHAPMAN'S FUNERAL

On Tuesday morning of last week, Aunt Amy Chapman, one of the oldest citizens of Sumter County *{Begin deleted text}* and certainly one of the most respected of its colored people, passed away *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* died *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* . Although she had reached the age of ninety-five, Aunt Amy still possessed *{Begin deleted text}* an extraordinary *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {End inserted text}* vigor of both body and mind far beyond her years.

Only a few days before her death she had met me in Livingston and asked me to drive her home. "I'm tired on my feet hurt," she had said. "I want you to take me home." "Why Aunt Amy," I asked, "what have you been doing *{Begin deleted text}* here *{End deleted text}* lately?" I bin picking cotton," she replied and as I did not think she was farming this year I expressed surprise. "Oh," she answered, "Tain't my cotton, hit's other folks' cotton. Didn't have nothing else *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* to *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* do, so I thought I might ez well help in de fiel's."

And it was in the cotton field that she suffered the stroke which proved fatal. She never *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text}* rallied, and four days later "at first light" she passed away peacefully as if in sleep.

Perhaps it was fortunate that death came so swiftly, as a lingering illness with its consequent helplessness and dependence on others would have been unendurable to Aunt Amy. Nothing could have been more abhorrent to her staunchly individualistic old soul than the thought of being constantly under obligations to anyone. She never

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asked a favor of me, to drive her over to Livingston on Saturday when she went to buy her weekly provisions or to take her home when she was tired, that she did not immediately force upon me some sort of payment in kind, a bucket of figs, eggs, or vegetables from her garden. When I heard that she was ill and went to her house to see if I could do anything for her, her son Hewey showed me a box of sweet potatoes washed clean of dirt which she had dug for me. And I remembered the last time I had seen her *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* when I had taken her home in my car she had insisted against all my protests that she would bring me some potatoes soon for my kindness to her. Even in her illness she had thought to tell Hewey to be sure to give them to me.

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Aunt Amy's earlier life is like something out of the worst pages of Harriet Beecher Stowe. She was born a slave on Governor Chapman's place about five miles north of Livingston. She learned to be a seamstress *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* did sewing and weaving for her "Ole Miss." According to her own account, Governor Chapman was good to her, but he owned around three hundred slaves and had several plantations; and he spent most of his time with his family at Huntsville. One overseer he dismissed on learning that he treated the slaves with cruelty. But it was a white overseer, a Mr. Hewey Leman, who was the father of Aunt Amy's children. "I didn't want dat man, but he wuz de overseer an he beat me till I had ter have him - twarn't nuthin' else ter do," she told me once.

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Mr. Leman was married and a curious relationship seems to have developed between his wife and Aunt Amy after Mrs. Leman became used to the situation. The couple took two of the children into their own home to live with them, Mr. Leman averring that since the scandal was out anyhow, he might as well own them! Before his death, he provided liberally for them, giving each a house and a piece of land. And when Mrs. Leman became seriously ill, it was Aunt Amy who nursed her till her death. One wonders about the Lemans - what curious compulsions, what distorted forces of the human psyche motivated Hewey Leman? What fates compelled Mrs. Leman to accept a situation so hopelessly impossible?

Aunt Amy's children have also made a place for themselves and are well respected in Livingston. Hewey, who was named for his father, teaches at the local colored school and upholds his position with professional dignity. Another son, Mack, who is now in Texas is a property owner and has his own small business. Aunt Amy, at her death, had a sizable bank account for one of her race and owned land in her own name.

The indomitable character of Aunt Amy's spirit can perhaps most truly be exemplified by an incident which occured last spring. She appeared at my door one morning and asked me to drive her over to town to buy some wire fencing. "And what are you going to do with your fence?" I asked conversationally. "I'm gonna put it roun' my

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peach orchard?" she answered. "Why, I didn't know you had a peach orchard, Aunt Amy," I said in surprise. "I ain't," she answered, "but I'm gonna set out some cuttings this fall!"

In life, Aunt Amy had no use for her colored neighbors, and would not allow any of them to come near her house. Privately I often thought she was afraid of being conjured; but whatever her reason, her aloneness in her old-age worried me. She was too jealous of her independence to go and live with one of her married sons, and I was often anxious about her, wondering how she would manage if taken suddenly ill. But when illness came, her neighbors forgot her former aloofness of attitude and were kind. Several of them stayed with her to the end, taking turns sitting up with her at night and seeing to it that she was kept as comfortable as her condition would permit. And on Wednesday afternoons on a lowering, threatening day, fifty or sixty of them accompanied her to her last resting place in the old Chapman burying-ground, a most out-of-the way and almost inaccessible place.

According to her wish, Aunt Amy was buried on the plantation where she was born. There, on top of a limestone hil commanding a splendid view in all directions of once-proud acres, her sister was buried, and they dug her grave beside Aunt Mary's. A few stops down the hillside were other graves unmarked, members of her family who had gone before.

The burying was set for two o'clock. (Among the

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colored people of Sumter County the actual interment is referred to as the "burying." The funeral is preached later on

a Sunday to be appointed by the family, sometimes after a year or more has elapsed. In this case. Hewey told us that he had set the funeral for sometime soon "before cold weather set in," and that it would be [held?] at the Jones Creek Baptist Church, of which Aunt Amy had been a member for over eighty years.) But as I had taken the wrong turning and lost my way twice, I was late in arriving. Probably I would never have found the burying ground had not Hewey sighted me from the hill and sent a man to guide me. Even then, I had to abandon the car and cover the last part of the way on foot.

Several wagons and a Ford or two were drawn up on the hill at a respectful distance, screened by the cedars. The closer relatives were seated together on an automobile cushion placed on the ground to one side. Hewey came up to speak to me, then returned to take charge of the digging of the grave. This was the responsibility of the friends of the family and fellow church-members and they gave their time and labor to the sad duty. As only a few inches of topsoil covered the solid limestone, it was an arduous process. A strong Negro man hewed at the rock with his pick, working his way the length of the grave, then back again. Then, as he jumped out panting with exertion and covered with sweat, two young Negroes took his place with shovels, throwing the chips out in two mounds, one on each side of the grave. Some of the men worked with cigarettes drooping from their lips, but there was no

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disrespect in this, for they meant no disrespect.

The men assembled, alternated; when one became tired he handed his shovel to another who was rested and the digging went steadily on. A smaller boy disappeared down the hillside in the direction of the spring, and after a time came back with a bucket of water and a dipper, which were passed gratefully from hand to hand.

I had time to look about me and recognize the beauty of the scene. On all sides the land sloped away from the hill, disclosing pleasant valleys and peaceful hay-fields touched with the first colors of autumn. At a farther distance rose other limestone hills crowned with the cedars so indigenous to this county, and against the horizon where black rain clouds lay, lightening flickered and the distant rumble of thunder could be heard. A damp breeze, unexpectedly cool, stirred my hair, and with its coming it was as though one could lay one's finger on a single moment out of time and say, '[How?], suddenly, Fall has come, and it is no longer Summer."

I heard one of the men standing near the grave announce in a low voice that they had come to the "last tier," and moved over to speak to Hewey's wife who was leaning on her crutches, her broken ankle propped comfortably before her. She told me that two weeks before Aunt Amy had made the long trip to town to see them. "She said the spirits tole her to come see us, en I wuz afraid then that sumpin was gonna happen," she said.

Now the grave was finished, dug to the appointed depth

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of four feet and its bottom leveled to hold the casket steady. In lieu of a trestle, a sapling was cut from the nearby thicket and laid across the grave lengthwise. Steadied on this, first the outer pine covering, then the coffin of light purple were lowered in, and silently the men threw in shovelfulls of dirt until it was covered and the grave a quarter filled.

Then began the simple burial service, in most respects equivalent to that read in white churches today. At its conclusion, the preacher lifted his voice in prayers which soon became a high-pitched, but melodious, chant, the congregation joining in with "Amens." It was a very brief, but sincere and dignified service, and one which I am sure Aunt Amy would have wanted. The lavender casket, too, would have pleased her, as would the robe to match, which Hewey had selected.

Soon the men were again at work with their shovels filling in the grave, while all the Negroes sang together in the wonderful harmony, which is so natural to them, the hymn which had been Aunt Amy's favorites:

Dark wuz the night
Cold wuz de groun'
On which my Saviour lay
Blood in draps en sweat run down
In agony he pray.
Lord move dis bitter cup
Ef sech Dy sacred will
Ef not, content I'll drink hit up
Whose pleasure I'll fulfill.

When the grave had been filled, the mound shaped above it, and saplings placed in the soft earth at its head and foot to mark it, a curious ritual took place.

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Each worker rested his spade against the mound's side, iron point in the soft earth and handles pointing toward the sky. The effect was strangely impressive, but when I asked about it later I was told only, "It is customary in our race." The ritual apparently had been followed for *{Begin deleted text}* [som?] *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* so *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* many years that its significance had been lost with usage. To me it seemed symbolical, perhaps, of the toiler who has laid away his tools at last and come to rest.

The preacher asked if there were flowers to be placed on the grave, and I was pressed to come forward first with my bowl of zinnias which I placed at the head of the grave, levelling a place first with my hand so that the vase would stand upright without tilting. Then the others stepped forward one at a time with their drooping clusters of flowers mixed with short sprays of cedar. And whether following wy lead, or in accordance with a custom of their own I do not know, these they did not lay on the rounded sides of the mound as one would have expected. Instead they made small hollows in the earth in which they placed their bouquets, so that they stood upright also.

We stood a moment with heads bowed while the preacher pronounced the benediction, then made our way back down the hill and across the peaceful hay fields of Aunt Amy's "home-place." She had been returned to the soil from which she had sprung and was one with the land which she had loved so intensely.

Washington Copy

10/13/38

L.H.

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AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | NEW SEARCH

American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940

[Looking Around with a Hay Farmer]

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W. Leonidas Cockrell

Farm Owner

Route 3, Livingston, Ala.

McCainville

6.1 m. NW from

Livingston, Ala.

LOOKING AROUND WITH A HAY FARMER

By Luther Clark

Southeast of the narrow. "summer *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* road *{Begin deleted text}* *{End deleted text}* the group of farm buildings *{Begin deleted text}* cluster *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* clusters *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* . Just in front of the farmhouse, the road goes through a shallow cut that makes the lower half of the front porch invisible from passing automobiles -- when automobiles pass, *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text}* Most of the traffic on the McCainville road consists of wagons loaded with hay, cotton, or corn. In dry weather as many as a score of vehicles may sometimes pass during week days. On Saturdays there is frequently that number, and sometimes more. On Saturday, too, foot travelers and horseback riders -- usually on mules -- are on the road in full force. Singly and in groups they go past all day and far into the night. On special days they number close to 100. Cowboys driving herds of cattle, pass every few days.

As such as possible, Leonidas Cockrell manages to be in hailing distance of the road when people pass. For two years now he has been unable to get around because of rheumatism in his feet. He says: "I don't get to town to find out the news now because my feet swell so bad I don't put on my shoes. I ain't been down since *{Begin deleted text}* elction *{End deleted text}* *{Begin inserted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* election *{End handwritten}* *{End inserted text}* day. I couldn't farm any this year, so I rented my land to Frank -- his son and only surviving child -- "and now I don' know where he will make enough to be able to pay the rent or not. Crops are mighty little, and the price is low, so

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everybody is in a bad fix. Some of them planted cotton two or three times, and they just never could get a stand."

"The people that fool with cattle are the only ones who are doing any good. Frank, he got into the cow business pretty heavy this year. Looks like now he will do pretty well if he can get the hands to work. The rain rained all the first crop of hay. Seems like it never will get through raining; just a lot of showers, enough to ruin the hay every time he cuts any.

"Pa was a teacher in different parts of the county. He had been a student at the University. When his pa died, he got the old home place and lived there till he died. I thought I'd have a plenty when Pa died, but all I got after they got through clawing over it was 80 acres.

"I been living right here on the old place all my life, and that has been a good while now. I'm two years younger than my neighbor, Dr. McCain, but he don't never have nothing the matter with him. He stays as spry as ever.

"We have managed to get along somehow so far, but it looks like the Gover'ment is trying to ruin us all now."

"What is it they are doing now?" I asked. He has a way of expecting any new government activity--county, State, or Federal--to ruin the farmers.

"Why, they are going to take all our hands away from us and put them to work on the big road. They are going to give them two *{Begin inserted text}* dollars *{End inserted text}* a day, and it would break us up to pay that much. We just can't do it."

Here Mrs. Cockrell put in: "I won't even be able to

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keep my cook. She won't have to work, with the menfolks making that much money."

"But I thought they were not going to start that work until the crops are gathered," I put in.

"Yes, but we won't be through when it starts. It'll take Frank till Christmas to get done. It always [does?] take till Christmas. The hands will all go on the road, and he can't get done at all. I don't know what they are thinking about to do such a thing. But the merchants will all get rich. They'll get all of it.

In politics, Mr. Cockrell is a conservative Democrat. In the North, as President Roosevelt said of Senator George, he would have been a firm Republican. About religion he worries little. Often isolated for long periods by bad roads, the family has never made regular church attendance a habit. His amusements consist of playing [dominoes?] with his wife, and trying earnestly to keep up with all the gossip of the county.

The home has a commonplace exterior, but is comfortably furnished. In architecture, the house is unusual. The kitchen and diningroom, are about three [set?] below the level of the remainder of the building. Several steps lead from the rear of the front hall down to this kitchen-dining room level. Another hall on the kitchen level leads from these steps to the side entrance, past the kitchen, and *{Begin deleted text}* diingroom *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* dining room *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* doors. Probably the original structure was all [?]-shaped three-room affair. The kitchen was later built as a separate unit, and attached to the main

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structure with an eye to utility rather than beauty.

Their family pride is a quiet pride. Educators, lawyers, politicians, and business men in many lines [dot?] the family ancestry and present connections. Leon -- and Lida, his wife, with similar backgrounds -- speak of these relatives occasionally but without either boasting or envying. Where these others battle the fierce currents of life, this pair is content with the quiet backwater of a cattle, cotton, and hay farm.

The father and five uncles of Len Cockrell battled for the Lost Cause. One uncle was killed in battle, one died of wounds, one received severe wounds from which he recovered, and still another who was an officer with Morgan, the raider, was captured during a raid into Ohio and spent many months in a Federal prison camp. But Len Cockrell did not tell of these things. He never *{Begin deleted text}* tires *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* tries *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* to fight the War Between the States over, as do many of

his generation and section.

Despite its placid surface, his life has touched deep currents of tragedy. A son and a daughter who reached manhood and womanhood died soon after. Russell died suddenly when he was about 24; Minnie was nearly 30 when she died.

The only surviving son is 39 years old, and shows no interest in marriage. He is a smart farmer, industrious, a good manager and a thoughtful son. He lives at home but has his own interests, while the father ran the family farm until his health failed.

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Len does not like to dwell in the past. His thoughts and his talk are still of the future, with scant regard for his seventy-two years. He hopes to take over the farm again next year. He may be able to do so.

But he has a [peculiar?] twist in his philosophy. He says that all old people should be dead. "Old people ain't got no business living; just being around in the way," is his manner of expressing it.

When reminded that he, himself, might be regarded as old, he said, "Yes, I'm in the way too. They ought to knock us all in the head and throw us out."

Living and working alone so much, he long ago developed the habit of talking to himself or to animals and objects near him. When driving cows up for milking, it was a custom of his to get a small stick and wave toward the last one in line, every minute or two remarking *{Begin deleted text}* converstionally *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* conversationally *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* : "Go 'long, cow; go 'long, cow."

When they became unmanageable the remarks assumed more force and point.

He has his own favorite chair and no other will suit him. For hours, he and his wife play dominoes until one of them sees a passerby coming. Unless there is some particular reason for not going out, Lida hurries to the front porch to hail the traveler and learn whatever he or she has to tell of neighborhood goings-on. Then the game is resumed while over it the two discuss the facts and hearsay collected.

The walls of the house are thickly spotted with pictures

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of assorted subjects and sizes. Several lithographed calendars of the current year are always among those in the "front room." The furniture is of amazing variety. There are no suites; individual pieces are the order, and these range from genuine antiques to those of recent vintage.

A homey fireplace in the front room is screened during the summer by a black and white picture of *{Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten} {End handwritten} {End inserted text}* [sylvan?] scene. A radio--battery set--occupies a table beside the window. When it is in working order, Lida makes it a point never to miss the program of the Birmingham radio revivalists.

Books and magazines of the better type are in evidence. Unless they have been destroyed recently, some of the books on their shelves are older than the United States and numbers of the magazines there were published more than a quarter century ago.

When the Townsend Plan [furors?] was near its climax some years ago, Leon and Lida became mildly excited. Since both of them were old enough to claim the [$200?]-a-month payments, they spent many excited and exciting hours discussing ways in which they could manage to comply with the attached spending requirement. They have not yet fully recovered from the disappointment of its collapse.

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AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | NEW SEARCH

[Sallie Smith]

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Interview Mrs. C. W. Higgins

Burksville, Alabama,

R. D.

Marie Reese

Lowndes County

December 17, 1938

SALLIE SMITH

The morning I called on Sallie I found her gathering pecans in the grove *{Begin deleted text}* whihc *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* which *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* was near the house. As she leads a lonely life she was glad to see me and have as she expressed it, a good old heart-to-heart chat. She invited me in and gave me a most cordial welcome, but as it was a glorious day we decided to set out in the open and have our visit.

Living alone, she did not have anyone to talk with every day and all one had to do was to give her a start. She begin to tell me it was her day to get ready for the curb market the next day and that she was exceedingly busy but assured me she could work and talk at the same time. I asked her to tell me about her work at the market and as it was one of the ways she had of making a living, she was very much interested and I was interested in hearing it. She said she did not know what would have become of her if it had not been for this and the cows as they pulled her through the lean years. She explained to me that the curb market she goes to is located in Montgomery, Alabama, but the distance of seventeen miles is nothing on the paved road (#80) and when her flivver is in good running condition.

The market was organized for the purpose of helping the women on the farm and to give them an opportunity of disposing of their farm produce. It is open or in operation three days in the week. Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The days are arranged in this way so the intervening days can be spent in gathering and preparing the products they wish to carry *{Begin deleted text}* abd *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* and *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* dispose of.

She says "We get ready one day and work late into the night and often make a sunrise start. We must get there very early, so

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our vegetables, flowers, etc., will be fresh. Also because the shoppers come early so as to buy something for dinner. If anyone is late someone else grabs the [suctomers?] and we lose trade." The market is supervised by outstanding women of the city who with an efficient board of directors have made a big success of it.

These regulate prices which has to he sold [bu?] and regulations which has to be followed. These prices are printed on a board. However, after twelve o'clock all restrictions are lifted and the sellers can put whatever prices they choose on their articles of produce. In event any rule is broken, the one who gave the offense is either suspended or required to discontinue altogether.

One of the main requirements is that whatever is carried there for sale must be raised on their own plantation. Nothing whatever can be bought and resold there. Sallie told me a joke on some parties who sold there and who were caught buying the produce instead of raising. They were suspended from selling there three months which was a great loss as many things intended to cash in on were out of season by the time the parties were allowed to go back.

Each seller or lady has a table for which she pays a small monthly fee and in addition 10 every time she uses it. "It's mighty hard work," she says, "but I want the money and have to live. It keeps me 'turning'". I plant an all year round garden. In fact I am planting seed in my garden all the year around. In my childhood, I recall my parents making and having a Spring garden, but now its's an all-year round proposition.

"Now is our busiest and best season. Christmas is just around the corner which means turkey and decoration season. I sit way into the night having dozens and dozens of turkeys dressed and some of these

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I have what is called "dry pickled". This is more work on me but the turkey is nicer fixed this way than it is dressed by the old fashioned way, that is pickled with hot water. Of course, I have to have help because I can't dress perhaps twenty turkeys, some chickens and prepare many other things without help and as soon as I turn my back Mary pours boiling water over the fowls.

"This makes the feathers come off easier, less work for her and almost spoils the appearance of the turkey or chicken. Sometimes the skins peels of in places, then when I get ready to sell it I have to reduce my price and scarcely break even.

"City folks have lots of airs and of course the seller who has the nicest looking things gets the trade. But there is *{Begin deleted text}* might *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* mighty *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* good money in turkey business now. There are 20 and 25 on foot per pound and 35 per pound dressed. I sell them weighing anywhere from seven to twenty and you see that counts up. It is common to have a customer march in to the market and buy a $5 and $6 one. They tell me they eat off of it a day and then put it in the ice box and use some other meat, then use the rest after a few days change.

"I call people *{Begin deleted text}* wip *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* who *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* come in and pay that much for one without trying to 'jew me down' real people and me real lucky. The best piece of luck I ever had on the market was a year ago, when a big lawyer in the city came to my table and said 'I want to give you and order.' To my surprise and delight he bought twenty-five turkeys dressed.

He *{Begin deleted text}* siad *{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text} {Begin handwritten}* said *{End handwritten} {End inserted text}* , 'please give me your choicest ones regardless of price as I want to send them around as Christmas presents to me friends.' I never saw him before, but trust to the good Lord, I will see him again. You see from the street my entrance my place comes first and he stopped. I lived with a man thirty-odd years and they are just alike

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They won't do like women, run all around and price and turn the article over and over, upside down and begin to 'jew' you, but they buy and move on.

"This reminds me of myself one day when I was trying to save a few cents on a yard of cloth. I wanted to let out a last season's dress. Like most women I went around looking and pricing mind you, to save a couple of cents on one

yard. Finally the clerk where I had been twice, said, 'Lady, you wear out more soles on your shoes than the small difference in the cloth will come to.! Of course, he was right, and as the old saying goes, much is lost by looking for greener pastures.' But I must finish telling you about my good luck story of the lawyer (and another saying) the 'Christmas turkey'. I was so glad and decided at once to get rid of my other produce as soon as possible and instead of standing there all day selling, I could see a picture. I could not come home earlier than I had planned for [?], the colored boy who drives me was out with my car.

"As soon as he puts me out and unloads he is off with the car and I'm sure, is seeing the town with his colored friends to the detriment of the car." "Why will you allow it? Why not park it nearby?" I asked.

She replied that the drivers would not stand for that. It was too expensive to keep a regular boy to drive as she only went three days in the week, for which she paid him 50 a day. Also 50 a trip to drive her anywhere else. However, she said it was best humor them as help was awful hard to get and she had to have someone to drive her about. She lives three miles from the village out on the farm and then there is the business trips into town and elsewhere. "I am

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compelled to have him, she said. "I am too old to start driving myself now. I ought to have started when I first got a car. I know I am foolish not to manage as I do, but being alone, I can't do any other way.

"My car which is a Ford, costs me $1.50 a trip into Montgomery (round trip) and 50 for a driver, then the wear and tear bill. I have also to allow for a dollar or two loss every now and then as something mysteriously disappears and the help tells me I just miscounted articles when I loaded.

"I can't help this either," she says. I can't come down too strict she explains. I have to count an occasional loss as expenses, but after the expenses come out, I consider I clear enough to have a car and of course I am compelled to have one and call it my business car. Of course, I'm not able to have a nicer one as the up-keep is too much and besides hauling all my products in it would ruin it and and it would not be a nice one very long." I was curious to know what her products were and asked.

Oh, she said, any and everything raised to eat and used that is raise on your own land. From pork and turkey to popcorn and persimmons, but I wanted to hear in detail and she gave me a near list.

'Fresh pork, sausage, all kinds of flowers, fowls, butter, eggs, fresh meat, vegetables all year round, pot plants, preserves, beautiful home made cakes, packages of light wood and many other things. This is a turkey and decoration season. In the early spring there is a flower season. Loads and loads of lovely flowers, trees bulbs are sold.

"The sellers consider the planting time a lucky break for them, because most of the trees and shrubs can be gotten in forests and of course, are all profit. Many kinds of wild flowers are also sold in

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profusion and the only expense attached to them is the getting, which is very small. I want to tell you about a friend of mine who sells near me and the good luck she had last spring, she said, in going over her woodland she discovered some wild blue phlox in bloom. As it was in abundance she picked quite a bit and carried it to the market.

"It took like wildfire and its popularity spread like wildfire. Worlds of it was sold in bunches and it became so popular that the customers began to order plants. Small baskets of two dozen plants each brought 50. A blue phlox wave spread over the city. My friend sold $400.00 worth of those plants and blooms during the planting season.

I stood nearby, taking note of her good luck and about the time the planting season was passed, I discovered a patch in my own pasture. I am going to sell them by the wholesale next year if I live and nothing happens." She was extremely enthusiastic about the Christmas season and asked me to go with her into a rear room and see the many

decorations she was preparing to put in the market. The reason of her intense interest in these was as she explained, all profit, almost.

She has gone into the woods and gathered an abundance of evergreens. Lovely leaves, pine cones, berries and holly. These she was to sell some in their natural state, some she making into graceful garlands and pretty wreaths.

Having bought bright colored paints from the 5 and 10 store and with gold and silver paints she was working it all into some kinds of ornamental decorations. The large room was literally full of it. She prided herself on the graceful smilax and vines she had silvered.

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She told me she bought a gallons of the silver paint for $2.70 and poured it in a basin and simply dipped the vines in and she said she would "mop up" on that alone. "It is mighty messy", she said, "but I am going to gather it by day work it up by night and on Christmas Eve night I expect to set up and paint and fix all night."

"I can't do this and get free money but once a year." "How on earth are you going to do all this?" I asked. She told me she had made a good trade with Mary, the cook woman. She had a nice crepe dress she had bought on special sale for $5.00 "but it too loud for me."

She wore it once and the cook woman traded to work every night next week and help me paint, etc., for the dress. "I'll be all right as to help and it won't cost me one penny unless she gets drunk. She gets gutter drunk every Christmas and lays up on me for the week, but I am trusting to providence she will wait till she pays for the crepe or finishes my things. We start a roaring fire and I want you to know I work. "While Hube lived (her husband) he made hot coffee and passed it around once or twice during the night.

She told me she had been going to the curb market six years and had made good at it, but she could not stand and work like she once did, but was going as long as she could hold out.

Her children did not want her to work, but come and live with them but she was not content to sit idle and thought older people could not be transplanted. One of her son-in-laws especially, did not want her to work and considered her type of work not in keeping with their station in life, and offered her a nice monthly check to retire. This did not appeal to her at all. Said it was all airs and false pride, and besides the wanted independence and intended to

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work for it but none of were growing any younger. When she had given me all the information on her plans for the Christmas work she told me her life story.

Sallie was 60-odd, she laughed and told me after she had celebrated her 60th she did not intend to have any more birthdays. She lost her husband two years with heart trouble. Though a widow woman had a hard struggle, but did not want to try the matrimonial venture again.

Her girls sent her attractive colored dresses and discouraged her mourning garments in the early day of bereavement but she had the old ideas of respecting the dead deeply instilled in her and kept repeating that the dresses were too gay, too short and too tight and the idea seemed to worry her that by wearing them some man might think she was after him. She is nice looking, medium size, has pretty pepper and salt hair and attractive face, but has worn herself to a great extent by hard work.

She was the granddaughter of rather large pioneer planter. Her mother married during the depression years of the late 60's and began her married life in the plantation home which was homesteaded by the pioneer father and of course the grandfather of Salle.

There were four children born of this union. Sallie was the youngest. Soon after her birth the young mother passed on. The father proudly boasted that he would not farm out and separate his children, but would show that he could

rear them as well as any woman could, so he hired an old colored woman who had been a [familt?] slave and a mammy in the house. The young widower and the faithful old negro began the task of rearing the three little girls and small boy. Sallie said, "He was mighty strict on us, but guess he had to be and people said

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"I remember papa stepping out lots, but I guess there were too many young ones to raise and no lady wanted such a large ready-made family, so he never made another marriage. Let me tell you a funny thing about his affairs with the fair sex and I'm sure the joke which spread everywhere broke him up from courtin'.

"He was smitten with a young widow in an adjoining village and on occasion when he was in the city, he decided to send her a box of flowers. The same day he purchased for himself a suit of underwear. By chance both purchases were put in boxes about the same size and wrapped. On reaching home he did not take time to open them, but sent one to the widow and wrote on it "Wear these and think of me."

"On opening the box she found the undies instead of flowers. The mistake ended their affair and he never tried again. Two things in particular he was strict about, our table manners and going out with boys. He never allowed one of us to go alone with a boy, but he would have to carry a sister and I together and when we came into the village to dances he would not allow us to come in a top buggy. Yes, about the time I was dating, it was the buggy and horse period or as I hear the 'put one' say, it was in the 'gay nineties'. But a top buggy better not be hooked at our gate. It had to be 'open' if we went in it. Another funny thing I recall", she said, "most of had sweethearts off at college and my sister and I would make up and save our fresh dresses till the boys came in. We did not care if the other girls did joke us about it.

"I don't think it pays for parents to be too strict with children. Both of my sisters planned runaway marriages as means of escape. Papa believed in education but would not put a dime on a college education, unless you would follow a profession. I wanted to go to college

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as all my class mates were going, but he wanted to be a M. D. and as I refused, he would not pay my way. I went anyway to a normal school and paid my expenses by teaching in the under classes.

"Soon after I finished I escaped it all by getting married. Papa was pleased as Hube was the son of one of his old war cronies and they attended all the confederate reunions together. I went to the city and remained there five years when my father died.

I decided to come back and reclaim the old home where I was born and the farms that my pioneer grandfather had bought almost 100 years ago. But in reality I came back to work and drudge. My husband was a town man, and knew nothing on earth about a farm. To succeed on a farm you must know the 'ology' of the nigger and the mule, else they will eat you up. We decided to go into it in a big way, so I bought up the interests in the land of my sister and brother and bought a nice herd of cows and started a dairy.

"We had four little girls to raise and educate and I went over to Georgia and got my brothers' two small children to raise. He had died out west and they were left alone. About this time my husband lost his health and I knew the load would be mine. Milk was a good price then and giving it personal attention, I realized a good monthly check.

Operating a dairy is hard work and it is confining as a prison sentence, but it bring in ready money, where the money from the farm does not come in till fall. I helped to [amilk?] and saw to it that it got off (by wagon to meet a daylight train at a distance of six miles). To do this I had to get up at three and four A. M. During the hard winter months I caught 'fits' In the cold, rain and sleet, but I will tell you how I managed to hold out and it is a big help.

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"I make it a rule and it is a good rule too, I take care to eat plenty and to wear a plenty if it is cold and this keeps you

going, but I see now it does not pay to work too hard, that is, drive yourself". One pays for it in the long run.

When I was young it seemed '[Putonishg?] to hear people saying they were tired. I did not know the meaning of the word until the past year or two, and never had a sickly day. My children were never sick. I began to think of their education which I strongly believed in, I sent them for three to six at a time into the village school. At night I would take them in my lap one at a time, and teach them and next morning while I was cooking breakfast I 'heard their lessons.'

"They were all bright and I sent them to college two at a time and my goodness it was a drain on my pocketbook. I had taught them to stand on their own and when they finished that they would have to make their own way.

"I could not tell you how many thousand dollars their schooling cost me, but I had a wonderful herd of dairy cows and pulled them all the harder, but I got good results from the pile I spent on my girls. All made good and taught a few years and married. The best idea to raise children is to make them as self-reliant as possible. No petting and pampering, but at the start make them help themselves. It is handed to me that I raised an unusually nice set of girls, five in all. (She did)

My dairy increased, but for profits began to fall off. I backed it up with my dairy money, but year after year I lost by doing so. The cash I made on my cows was eaten up by crop failure and nigger. I never put out a good dollar after a bad one. I made this terrible mistake which cost me my farm. Always let each business keep account of itself

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and take care of itself. Not make one carry the other.

I fell way behind. The hands were getting lazier day by day. My husband who never understood the farm was rapidly failing in health. We really put too much in the college fund. The girls were teaching but spent it on handsome dressing and did not want to save the land. They said they were through with the farm. The last depression almost finished us up, but work commenced improving road #80 one mile below my house.

"We sold plenty of gravel to use in its construction, hundreds of dollars worth. I hired me an extra cook, got some cheap beds and bedding and I took in boarders, ten at $25.00 a month.

"I felt that I was back in luck. The gravel and boarders tidied the farm trouble over, but interest works while you sleep and is evergreen. Road #80 was completed, but next year my debt faced me again and the gravel and boarders' money could not come again. I am sixty years old going on higher and after a life of hard work and sacrifice I lost my home and land, the place where I was born and my mother before me. Then I lost my, husband. But conditions were not as bad for me as they might have been.

"My oldest daughter's husband stepped in and bought it and gave me a life-time home, so I hardly realized the difference, in fact I don't have to scratch up tax, interest and insurance every year. He is a State official and a fine man. He wants me to retire on a monthly check from him but I won't lay up on anyone.

Sallie, however, is slipping. She has high blood pressure and does not feel that she can lead an active life many more years. She lives in the old home which is built on a log foundation and framed on the exterior. The 100-year old house has nondescript furnishings.

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Some exquisite antique pieces and filled in with modern furniture. The half sory room is a real curosity. It is filled with old letters, documents, etc., dating over a hundred years back. She says she does not appreciate these, but the stamps are valuable.

She lives a life of work, but prefers it. Has a cook who assists her in preparing her produce for the market. Then two old colored men carry on the dairy. She still operates this on a small scale. Milk is very cheap now, as so many have

gone in the business.

One of her great interest is her immense flower and bulb plot which she cultivates right on with the vegetable garden. She claims to have thousands of bulbs and told me she usually made a neat sum on Daffodils and narcissus blooms and bulbs. She does not believe in any social activity and says her cows and the curb market are her interest in life. She votes, but no especially interested in politics. A member of the Baptist church and her husband was a Catholic. She says she is called the "outworkingest" woman anyone ever saw.

(Note - But in the end does it pay to lead a hard life of work and lost all her property in her old age.

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S. J.

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AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | NEW SEARCH

[The Story of Katy Brumby]

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Alabama

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Mary Chappell

Editorial Dept.

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THE STORY OF KATY BRUMBY

Scruggs Alley, in Birmingham, runs east and west from 24th to 26th St. South. Like most other *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* *{Begin inserted text}* [alleys?] *{End inserted text}* *{End handwritten}* in the city it is lined with small, gray, unpainted houses; like them it is dusty and dirty in dry weather, muddy in wet. Yet different from them, because it is more like a country lane. At the bend in the alley there are trees, and nearly every house in the Spring and Summer has its flowers growing in front and its vegetables in back. In Winter, however, it seems poverty-stricken and deserted with its trees bare, its flowers gone, and with only a few thin streams of smoke coming from chimneys here and there. The Negroes who live there are generally from the country, most of them from around Montgomery, Selma, or smaller towns in south Alabama.

Katy Brumby is one of these. She lives in a house just where the alley bends from 26th toward 24th St., and there has her flowers and vegetables. Katy refuses to tell her age, but a guess would place her in the fifties. She is short and fat with expressive hands, and streaks of grey in her hair. Her face is smooth, but with deep lines between her eyes and lines running from the corner of her nose to her mouth - lines of laughter as well as sorrow, for Katy has a magnificent sense of the ridiculous: while I was getting her story she would, from time to time, break into laughter at the memory of some long past comic scene. She dresses neatly always and in quiet colors. She has been working for *{Begin deleted text}* us *{End deleted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* *{Begin inserted text}* my family *{End inserted text}* *{End handwritten}* for nearly seventeen years.

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Katy grew up in Mount Meigs, a small town 12 miles east of Montgomery. There were eight or nine children in the family, *{Begin deleted text}* of which *{End deleted text}* *{Begin handwritten}* *{Begin inserted text}* and *{End inserted text}* *{End handwritten}* Katy was the oldest. *{Begin deleted text}* Those who have not died have scattered over the country. *{End deleted text}* Several remain in Montgomery or Mount Meigs, but there is a sister in Florida and a brother in Indiana. When Katy was small the family rented on Miss Emma's farm, but Katy hardly remembers it, except that her father told her Miss Emma was a good landlord. Then her family moved to Dr. N--'s place. "He's a plantation doctor; he sho wuz a good man," she says. "He saved my sister's life-dat's Lucy, in Florida - from de

typhoid. He had some trees, peaches, you know. On'y way he'd make Lucy take medicine wuz to promise her some of his peaches. He's a good man, but he died with cancer of de nose."

The farm was a good way from Mount Meigs. Katy is very proud of Mount Meigs. "It's a real, small village. We's got an undertaker now, not the horse-pulling kind. Used to have to go to Mon'gomery. Mount Meigs is a nice place, not out in de sticks like Greensboro where Victoria come from." Victoria is a neighbor in Scruggs Alley.).

Her father, too, was a good man, a "good provider" for his family. "He never uz sick, till he died. He's a good farmer. We raised everything to eat but grain. Great big onions, and greens, and rutabagas and all. My Daddy banked turnip roots and rutabagas jus' like potatoes. Don' you know what 'banking' is? You see, he take pine straw - pine trees what grow down there, you know - and he'd shape it up round de turnip roots and rutabagas" - she demonstrated with her short, brown hands "and then he'd shovel dirt around 'em until dey's jus' a little hole at de top so's we could reach 'em out. Sometimes those

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turnips by sprouted jus' like dey wuz growing." I asked about meat. "We had cows - beef, you know, and pigs, and all kinds of fowl. Chickens, guineas, turkeys, two kinds of duck, ev'rything but geese; we couldn't raise dem." The money crop was cotton, and they raised lots of it, but at the same time raised all their food except "grain" which they could buy in town. Katy's family was not in the plight of so many tenant farmers. There was little sickness in the family, and there was plenty of food, even turnips "banked" against the coming winter.

Katy can read and write; but that was not all she learned at school. She had the inestimable advantage of being under a woman like Georgia Washington. For also in Mount Meigs was Miss Georgia's school, which continued under her direction until just a few years ago. As Katy remembers, the tuition was $10 for the term. She was unable, however, to pay all of that, so she cleaned Miss Georgia's room for the remainder, and thus had a personal relationship with her which was closer than that of teacher and pupil. Her talk now is larded with Mess Georgia's expressions, all simple and all wise. For instance, when she passes the vegetables for a second time, Katy will say, "Miss Georgia say you already got plenty when you want jus' a little bit more." Katy was taught other things besides book learning. Absolute cleanliness for one: the small girl was not allowed to wear pig-tails as the other children did for Miss Georgia said they weren't cleanly. Today Katy keeps not only a clean kitchen, but her own home and person are scrupulously clean.

Katy was in the eighth grade at school when she stopped.

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Her father died about that time. He had never before been ill. He was taken with what Katy calls "flying rheumatism" which affected his heart. "My Mother uz living, but she couldn't even go to de funeral. She's in bed. She had three strokes, but she's finally took with de eight-day penumenia, you know she's sick eight days befo' she died. It uz a year after my Daddy died dat I's married to Joe Brumby and come to Birmin'ham." Joe is from Mount Meigs, too. "He wus a land scape," she said. "He don' like to work indoors. He buttled once but he don' like it. A man down in Mount Meigs - a white man, you know - taught him landscape. He's a good one, too.

"We come to Birmin'ham de first year dey sent soldiers across, nineteen-sixteen, seventeen, I don' remember. I worked for de Levy's, de first people I worked for, five-six years; then I worked for de Moores and de Jenkins. Then I come to work for y'all, near'bout seventeen years back." So Katy has left the country for good; she looks back on the life with, I think, some longing; she says though that she wouldn't like it now after living in the city so long.

She and Joe had no children, and somewhere along the line they separated. "I found out I's not getting any place with him." Joe is still devoted to Katy. For many years he tried to persuade her to come back to him, but she was sure the single life was the better. Even now he often comes for her after work or performs other services.

Katy has worked for us continually except for a short

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period during the depression. The first years she was here, she went to night school at the Industrial High School. "Louise (a cook who works across the street still goes. I'd go, but it's too far 'cross town. Dey didn't teach me nothing new, jus' refreshed what I had befo'. I got promoted to de eighth grade, and dat's where I wus at Miss Georgia's befo' I married Joe Brumby."

During the depression we and Katy separated; she went on relief. She applied to the DPW at the same time. "Dey wuz a nice young white boy there. He sho wuz nice. He tol' me he'd try an' get me a job. I wuz dressed in my good white uniform, an' I guess I looked real nice. I tol' him I's a cook, an' he said did I nurse. I tol' him, 'Well, I jus' tell you, I don' like to nurse one bit. I don', not one bit."

Se would have preferred a job cooking, because she both likes it and is proud of her proficiency at it. It is the only part of domestic service that she really does like. Her great talent is in cooking plain food deliciously. People have asked her for recipes, but it is impossible to give them, for she cooks by instinct as much as by recipe.

She didn't get a job as a cook, however. She went on relief. Evidently her intelligence made an immediate impression, for she was put in charge of a sewing room. "I can't do nothing but plain sewing, and all I had to do uz watch de other folks. Dey made dolls and toys and things. Then dey transferred me where dey's doing fancy sewing, embroidery you know. I sho wuz scared 'cause I wouldn't know if dey did it wrong." Eventually they let her off, telling her, she says, that we had a little work for her. "Now I know y'all didn't have no work for me, so I jus' didn't come by." This was true;

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we had said nothing to the authorities.

Just before Thanksgiving 1936, Katy came by to bring us some flowers and to borrow some money. By then both we and Katy realized our mistake in parting, and Katy left with her money and her job.

Her friend, Susy, to whom she is most helpful with food, money if needed, and other service, says, "Katy's good to dem she likes." This is true. Among her neighbors she has her likes and dislikes, and acts accordingly. Yet even those she dislikes, she will defend. "Aw, don' mind him, he don' mean no harm," she said of a particularly grumpy old man across the alley. She is certainly good to her family, especially to those in the country who need it most. She sends clothes to them when possible and does all she can. "I'm de oldest, and dey needs it bad, Miss Mary. Dey got children, I haven't."

Of course, what she can do is not too much. Katy's pay is $6.00 a week. (This is pretty good pay for a cook in Birmingham and speaks its own message of conditions among this section of the population, which may, for some, be alleviated by what is called "Southern paternalism"). Out of this she must buy fuel in the Winter, pay for her insurance, clothe herself (except for uniforms), and pay rent of $4.00 a month. A further small expense is due to the fact that Katy works and is single. Without members of the family to do it for her, she must pay neighbors to do much of her washing and house-cleaning. "It sho does take de money out of yo' pocket. I pay dem 500 to clean and dat's too much for jus' two little old rooms."

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Essentials, which she cannot afford, such as bifocal glasses, are taken care of. She is seldom ill, unless with a cold, or, as recently, with a sprained ankle; so that almost none of her income goes for doctor's bills. She eats at her place of work, so that her diet is as well - or ill-balanced as our own.

In Scruggs Alley she lives in one-half of a house. She has sown her two-by-four (almost literally) front yard with Winter grass, which struggles up through the hard-packed black earth in patches. Steps bisect the front porch, and two doors lead off the porch, the one on the right to Katy's two rooms where she lives alone except for the occasional visit of a niece from Montgomery or Mount Meigs. A bed, a stove, an old victrola, and a radio that doesn't work are the main furnishings. In the back yard she grows a few vegetables and flowers, greens and dahlias, onions and zinnias. (Katy' has "green fingers"; around the house she can make things grow as none of us can. She has made potatoes, sweet and Irish, sprout in water where we have never been able to.) She says folks in the alley take her flowers and her vegetables, especially the tender Spring onions, because she's away all day. "I'm gonna stop working an' take care of my things someday," she says. "Y'all be sorry then." Everything at her home is kept in strict order and is very clean. She does not have a bathroom; there is only an outdoor privy shared by several families. "Dat's bad," she said, "Dat ain't right." She said, too, that the landlord doesn't make the improvements he ought and doesn't keep up his property as he should.

Katy is well-info{m*}r*ed on world events through the morning

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and evening newspapers which she reads every day. If she doesn't have time on the place she takes them home with her at night, Except for an occasional word with which she is unfamiliar, she has no trouble, and she can be heard after breakfast - before the dishes are washed - reading aloud to herself in a mumbling tone as she drinks her coffee. During the Czechoslovakian crisis in the Fall she listened to everything we could get on the radio, even to Hitler's speeches. Anti-Semitism in Nazi Germany has somewhat upset her, perhaps because of her fondness for the Jewish family for whom she first worked. She told us one day of a rumor which was circulating among the Negroes. "Dey say dey is going to send all us colored folks back to Africa." I said that perhaps it got started due to the Jewish persecution and the talk of sending the refugees to Africa. Katy misunderstood. "Now, Miss Mary, don' talk thataway about dem poor people dey has such a hard time." I explained, "Dat's all right, den," she said.

About national events her opinions are not so sure. She thinks there are too many people on relief that don't need it. "I knows lots of folks on dere who don' need it," she says. She thinks highly of the people with whom she came into contact when she was on relief, the people to whom she applied. "Dey wuz all nice to me." She likes to listen to the President over the radio, "Law," she said, giggling, "I'd rather hear him dan read it. I gets sleepy." Her opinions are often quite conservative, or at least out of line with what one would expect, "I don' like this Conference dey had here. Dey gets folks all upset like."

Katy does not have the vote; there are laws in the South

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which pretty effectively disenfranchise the Negro. "We wuz disfranchised way back; my Daddy tol' me all about it. Sometimes I don' see why dey treat colored folks de way dey do." Disenfranchisement isn't all. "Dey used to let us go to de Alabama (a motion picture theater) but not now. We can't go to none of dem places." We were listening, one day, to Marian Anderson, the Negro contralto singing over the radio. After the rich *{Begin deleted text}* dark *{End deleted text}* voice had stopped, I said I'd heard she was coming to Birmingham for a concert in the Spring.

"I don' guess dey'll let us hear it."

"Surely---," we murmured, but were not so sure.

Katy has all day Thursday off, except for cooking breakfast; the same *{Begin handwritten}* *{Begin inserted text}* on *{End inserted text}* *{End handwritten}* Sunday, except that breakfast is much later; and most legal holidays, including Christmas and New Year's. Her time off she spends in going to town, or even more usually in cleaning her house, washing her hair, or washing clothes. She goes to very few movies. Occasionally she hears one of the Negro swing orchestras that play at the Negro Masonic Temple one night, at the City's Auditorium the next. When the circus is in town, she attends that. More often her recreation is with her friends. For Christmas she bought a gallon of wine to entertain them with. Although Katy is religious, she doesn't disapprove of drinking or smoking, and

herself both drinks and smokes. She does disapprove of work on Sunday. It is, for her, the Sabbath, the day of rest, indeed.

Katy's and our relationship os a happy one. But she had complaints. She actively dislikes for us to have company for meals, and her constant threat is, "Y'all be sorry when I goes to Mon'gomery.

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My sister wants me to live with dem. Y'all be sorry." All this hardly above a mutter as she takes a pan from the *{Begin deleted text}* [?] *{End deleted text} {Begin handwritten} {Begin inserted text}* oven; *{End inserted text} {End handwritten}* -the sight and the smell of which make your mouth water,-sets something to soak in the sink, and orders you out of the kitchen. Her chief complaint is that she has too much work to do. "Y'all just got one somebody to do all de work. Need two somebodies." Katy is getting older and cannot do what she did when younger; her weight, too, is a handicap.

She tells us, when the atmosphere is better, of the superstitions of her people. She says, "Don't= step over working tools (in this case, the vacuum cleaner) bad luck come 'yo' way." It's bad lack to be swept by a broom. The remedy is, to kiss the broom. Opening an umbrella indoors is bad luck. "Old folks," Katy says, "believed in all dem things. I don' carry with dem much." The believers are always the old folks, but Katy obeys the ritual. After stepping over a "working tool," she will step backward over it; she kisses the broom; she throws salt over her shoulder. The old folks told her, "'De first twelve days of de first month, dey represent de months of de year, and de kind of weather for dem times.' Of co'se, sometimes dey borrows one for de other," Katy said. "Now yestiddy, de third, wuz a good April day, and all this wind today, it's a good March day. So dey borrows it."

Katy is loyal above all persons I know, and absolutely an individual. She is not only a friend, but a member of the family, which, despite the accusation of "paternalism," is the only way to describe a relationship at once so intricate and so simple.

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Katy as a person, I have said, has a magnificent sense of the ridiculous. But what seems to remain is the undertone of the sorrow of the race. It is, 'Dat ain't right;" it is, "Why do dey treat colored folks dat way?": it is the haunting tone of sorrow that remains in the spirituals after the often comic surface has been forgotten.

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L.H.

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American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940

[Terrapin Dogs]

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Lawrence F. Evans,

Fairhope, Alabama.

Baldwin County.

TERRAPIN DOGS

I once trained a collie dog to hunt rattlesnakes and his nose never fooled him. Later I found that my nose was "as good at finding the reptiles as was Spud's, the Collie. But I have never known of dogs trained to catch terrapin - and hold them with a paw until the master came and picked them up until I visited Plash's Store on [Bon Secour?] River some two years ago. Dealing in Redfish, Shrimp, Oysters and Terrapin, Mr. V. Plash has built up a comfortable business and it was with the greatest delight that I accepted an invitation to go terrapin hunting with one of the hunters who had three well trained terrapin dogs. Just mongrels - they looked like any ordinary cur dog whose ancestors might have been [Fiest?], [Dauchund?], Bull, Collie, Shepherd, Scottie, Police dog or maybe [Presbyterian?]. But they were valuable dogs. You shall see.

In this section dwells two varieties of terrain, famous for their flavor on the tables of America's famous four hundred. The salt-water terrapin ([Malachlayms?] Concentrica) and the chicken terrapin ([??] are both lovers of the marshy waters of Bon Secour and kindred bays and lagoons. They both belong to the family EMYDOE but are fast disappearing. South Carolina and Georgia are also homes for these reptiles. Terrapins are distinguised by their horny back, a shield covered with eperdermic plates and partly webbed feet. Natives of tropical and warmer temperate countries they feed on vegetables, shrimp and crabs. They are found in this section in the tall marsh grass near most any of the salt, marshy or semi-marshy waters.

Ed Callaway, terrapin hunter and successful, led me on one of the

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strange hunts. We wore hip boots, waded in the tall grass after the dogs and almost immediately the dogs began to bay. When we came up to them they each held a terrapin under their paw. Ed informed me that it was quite simple. Terrapin are particularly inquisitive. When a noise is [?] near one he starts right away to investigate. The dog sees or smells him and simply gets behind him and [rims?] him down with his paw until the master comes along and scoops him up, dumping him into a sack. A nice size terrapin weights three pounds. Ed sells them to Mr. Plush for fifty cents a pound. Sometimes Mr. Plash gets as much as $1.25 a pound in New York, but he has to defray shipping expenses, stand for a probable loss enroute and many times keep them for months in the "crawl" because the market is not stable.

Well, we caught sixty-two before the morning hunt was over. Morning is the feeding time of terrapins hence mid-day and afternoon is no good. But we went on another kind of hunt also. In boats. One takes an oar, raps on the side of the boat, the terrapin swims to the top to see what the noise is about and the hunter scoops him up with a net. This method is not so profitable however because the greater number of terrapin feed in the marshes where one has to

wade. Hence the dog. The dogs are taken care of too. They are really valuable to the terrapin hunters.

Terrapins are peculiar animals. They do not have to be fed to live. I have kept them for a year at a time without feeding them. Laboratory test show that they are still healthy and fat. They will eat, however at any time. They are warm climate inhabitants but I have frozen them in a cake of ice for three days and after thawing them out found that they were as lively as ever. They are canabalistic. The babies have to get out of the way for the mothers will eat them immediately. They do - they make a bee-line for the water and can fend for themselves instantly.

Mr. Plash keeps his terrapins for long lengths of time and necessarily

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must have several "Crawls" located on the river - at the same water level. Here they are separated in three more crawls, the bulls in one, the heifers in another and the babies in a third division of the crawl.

Terrapins lay eggs three times during the spring and summer season, laying from 80 to 100 eggs in the sand which take six weeks to hatch. The baby is as large as an ordinary thumb. They are wide awake, sometimes vicious and always looking for trouble, being faster than the land terrapin or tortoise. They do not go farther than thirty miles north of Bon Secour in Alabama.

Few people wish to take the trouble of donning hip boots and slushing through the mush of a snake and alligator infested marsh. But the hunting is profitable when the market is stable. Terrapin soup is a delicacy. Natives, however, do not wish to be troubled with the killing and cleaning of them. In order to kill one the approved method is to put the terrapin on the floor, slip up *{Begin inserted text}* /from *{End inserted text}* behind if you can, with a two-pronged fork, slip the fork over his head before he jerks it back in the shell, then whack it off with a knife. There the trouble has just begun. An amputation [?] is necessary to get the delicious meat out of the shell - but it is worth it. The meat is always delicious.

1/4/1939

S.J.

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AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | NEW SEARCH

To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

Clippings from Some of our Leading Southern Papers

NOTE: This is an excerpt. The full text of A sermon on lynch law and raping : preached by Rev. E.K. Love, D.D., at 1st. African Baptist Church, Savannah, Ga., of which he is pastor, November 5th, 1893 can be found in African American Perspectives: Pamphlets from the Daniel A.P.Murray Collection, 1818-1907

Excerpt begins ...

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CLIPPINGS FROM SOME OF OUR LEADING SOUTHERN PAPERS.

"At first lynch law was only resorted to as a punishment for felonious outrages upon women. But the spirit of lawlessness never stands still. Give it an inch and it will take a mile. The men who delight in lynching have grown bolder, and they now murder the kinsmen of a criminal who refuse to reveal his hiding place, and whip a woman for the crime of being true to her religious convictions, and burn gin houses because their owners will not hold their cotton until the price reaches ten cents. All this would indicate that our civilization is only skin deep. There is an inexhaustible layer of barbarism just under the surface, and a mere scratch reveals it.-- *Atlanta Constitution*

"Mob law is breeding a race of savages. The young men and boys who engage in this bloody business will as surely grow up to be blood thirsty and cruel as the tiger will become a man eater after tasting human blood. Unless these scenes shall end and the rule of law be restored, the mob will drive all the better class of people from the South and give it over to outlawry and ignorance. The evil has progressed so far that none but a blind man can be insensible to the enormity of the peril that hangs like a black cloud over the Southern States. The prevailing conditions are surely tending to a crisis of blood and horror. The earnest, thoughtful, and patriotic men of the South must give themselves to the work of redemption as to a task appointed of God and blessed with His benediction. -- *Memphis Daily Commercial*

The Roanoke Times denies that Roanoke, during the recent popular outbreak against the lawful authorities was a mobbed-ruled city, and characterizes the statement of the *Index-Appeal* , and other papers to that effect as false.

The *Times* should be more careful in the choice of its language at a time when it has everything to palliate and nothing to gain by controversy. Its attempted vindication is neither ingenious nor ingenuous. If a city is not mob-ruled when a mob takes a prisoner from the lawful authorities, and hangs and burns him, and then creates a state of terror, such as to cause officials and other persons to seek safety in

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flight and concealment, in the name of common sense when is a city mob-ruled and what is mob-rule?-- *Petersburg, (Va.) Daily Index Appeal*

It will not do to say that such cases of violence are due to any fear that justice will not be done. There was no question that these two murderers, if caught, would be tried speedily and punished justly. But that was not what the mob wanted. They wanted the sight of blood. It was the instinct of cruelty which actuated them. They were not civilized much less were they Christian people. They were savages, barbarians! We talk of Kurdish atrocities, of African cannibalism, of Indian tortures, but nothing more atrocious or horrible is enacted anywhere by any savages on the face of the earth. Are we a nation of barbarians?-- *New York Independent*

"We do not believe that there is any section of the South, however small, where mob law is endorsed by public sentiment; and yet the men who make up murderous mobs go unpunished. Law-abiding men are in the majority everywhere, and yet they permit the lawless to defy the authorities and treat the State with contempt. Why is this the case? The reason is plain and humiliating. Good men are cowards while bad men are aggressive. The good submit with a protest, while the bad run rough shod all over opposition. It is time for southern manhood to wake up. We boast of our chivalry and we have a right to. Our people have a history to be proud of, but every heroic deed of the past but brands with deeper disgrace the howling mobs, who, safe in their numbers, attack and murder defenseless men. If our laws do not punish crime we should mend them. We certainly should not turn over our temples of Justice to men who are unworthy to enter them except to receive punishment for their crime.-- *Jacksonville, (Fla.) Daily Times-Union*

I confess that as a citizen of the South I feel very much humiliated when I read such as this about my home and these are but a few out of many such things that are being said about the South.

II. *Mob violence inexcusable and all matters should be determined in a lawful assembly*

There was no need of lynching the Apostles. The Ephesians had everything their own way. The Apostles had, at most, but few friends in Ephesus, and perhaps none, who would interpose for them in a public way. There was scarcely an Ephesian who was not in some way personally interested in the cause to which the Apostles were defendants; hence any jury that might have been selected would have been prejudiced against the defendants, and upon any technical grounds that the law could have been made to sanction, would have brought in a verdict of guilty. They had the privilege of, and they were honor bound to try them by their law. There might have been some excuse for lynching had they been compelled to try them by alien laws. If, as the Jews said to Pilate on the trial if Christ, they could have truthfully said, "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die," then there might have been an excuse for lynching. Lynching could have

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been and can be defended on no other ground than that punishment by law is impossible. It will not do to say that the provocation is such that the lynchers are justifiable. That dishonors our education, disgraces our civilization, slanders our Christianity, disrespects our law, undermines our government, and declares our people to be a set of ungovernable, ferocious brutes, hinders the development of the greatness of our country and as blind Samson at the festival at Gaza, throws down our temple of liberty upon its votaries.

If when a man is arrested for rape, a mob is raised to rescue him from the clutches of the law, then should a counter mob be raised and kill the wretch rather than have him escape justice, then it would be far more more excusable.

In this country, situated as the Negroes are, a case of lynching is never justifiable. If the woman assaulted is white, there can be no possible escape for the Negroes. The Judge is white, the jury is white, the lawyers are white, the Sheriff is white, the Jailer is white, and as Doctors Broadus and Haygood say, race blood will assert himself,--the Negroes must die. It will not do to say that our people are so weak, vicious, brutal, satanic, and uncivilized that they have no faith in their own laws, which they, themselves, have made, and cannot wait with even enough patience for their courts to convene to try their criminals, that they prefer to stain their hands in human blood in unlawful assemblies. To say this is to admit that it is unsafe to live among us, and that we resort to murdering and the most

heartless outrages for amusement; that we determine no trying cases in a lawful assembly; that we respect law so long as it suits us and when we are not mad; but when the trying provocation comes, as Dr. Haygood puts it, we get "insane for the time," and hence it must follow that we are not responsible for our action under this spasm of "insanity."

The Lord only knows how far this "insanity" business will go, and He alone knows to what extent it has and will injure this country and especially our lovely southland, the paradise of the globe. Just how much this "insanity" argument palliates our awful crimes in the eyes of the civilized world, Dr. Haygood is better prepared to say than I am. If these burnings and murders are put on the "insanity" doctrine for a defense, I plead for a house of correction for the many hundreds of spasmodic "insane" people that abound in our favored country. I plead not for the criminals. I have no pity for them. I plead that these matters should be determined in a lawful assembly.

Brute force is a dangerous element in any government. It is destructive to prosperity, happiness, and liberty and is the parent of no good. Every good citizen should discard and unite to exterminate it. The Almighty has ordained that matters of difference should be adjusted in a lawful assembly, that reasonable men should implead reasonable men before reasonable men in a lawful assembly.

The officers of the law are just as much opposed to these crimes as those who compose these lawless mobs. Lynching is as much a violation of the law as raping. There should be a resort to law however atrocious the crime charged may be, as it then would be less likely that the innocent would be killed. It cannot be denied that the lynchers sometimes have killed the wrong man. This could and would have been avoided in a painstaking, lawful assembly. However enraged a people may be at the assault upon a woman, surely they do

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not want to kill the innocent and this can best be avoided in a lawful assembly.

There can be nothing more horrifying to a refined, honest, fair-minded, law abiding, upright Christian gentleman than the riddling with bullets, hanging and burning of an innocent man, and yet this is possible under a system of lynch law. Indeed I regret to state that this has occurred. The lynchers can hardly justify themselves by saying that the man confessed his crime. He did not do so in a lawful assembly nor in the presence of lawful witnesses. For these men, themselves, were assembled for the purpose of committing an unlawful act. Before the bar of civilized opinion, they stand charged of the foulest murder known to the annals of history, and hence, I gravely doubt that they are competent witnesses.

The great American liberty-loving people will not wait much longer for these outrages to stop. They will arise in their majesty and might and demand a halt to these savage outrages.

The action of these mobs show that they are not after a mere punishment of these crimes, but that they are seeking in the most barbarous manner, revenge. For they hang, shoot and burn. Either one of these deaths is barbarous enough. I think that no tribunal on earth would give sentence for more than one of these at the time and yet our civilized, Christian people give all of them at once. This shows that these men are utterly unprepared to take the law into their hands. If they are justifiable in one case, they would be justifiable in all.

Pushing this argument further to its logical conclusion we would have no need for courts to administer the law, for Legislatures, nor Congress to make laws, and hence every lawful assembly would be destroyed in our country and every man would be a law unto himself and would punish crime as his senseless passion might dictate. Indeed, no man in this country would be safe.

Law is that principle which governs a people and regulates their affairs and promotes their truest. Wise and equitable laws, fairly interpreted and impartially administered, will meet every emergency of a people. Happily for us, we can boast of such laws and there is absolutely no need to over-ride them. Lynch law is a sad reflection upon the courts. The lynchers in effect say that the officers of the law are unreliable; dishonest and cannot be relied on to punish criminals in accordance with their oath. Surely the lynchers will not presume to say that they know more about the law than the officers of the law. I ask, therefore, in all seriousness, what is the objection to the law taking its course?

I have yet to see or hear a reasonable excuse for lynching and surely a thing for which not a single reason can be given ought to be abandoned.

III. *We are in danger to be called in question for our conduct*

Webster says, "Lynch law is the practice of punishing men for crimes or offences, by private, unauthorized persons, without a legal trial. The term is said to be derived from a Virginia Farmer, named Lynch, who thus took the law into his own hands."

Chamber's Encyclopaedia.-"Lynch-law, the name given in the United States of America to the trial and punishment of offenders in popular assemblies without reference to the ordinary laws of the country. This barbarous mode of administering justice has always

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more or less prevailed in every country in times of great popular excitement, and has been necessarily resorted to in countries newly settled, where the power of the civil government is not yet sufficiently established. The name is derived by Webster from a Virginia farmer; but a more interesting history is found in the story of James Lynch, mayor of galley about 1495, who in the spirit of Brutes with his own hand, hanged his son from a window for murder."
JOHN BOUVIER.

"Lynch-law, a common phrase used to express the vengeance of a mob, inflicting an injury and committing an outrage upon a person suspected of some offense."

The lynchers in effect say that our country is newly settled and is not yet sufficiently strong to punish its criminals. The silence and inactivity of our authorities beg the question and in effect say that while they very deeply deplore these outrages, the outlaws being in the majority they are powerless. This is an admission that the vicious, lawless class out number our good citizens. Would not every good citizen blush to admit this? Can our country afford this admission? Does it not hold up our people in an awful light? Is there not obliged to be a reaction which will call us in question for these things? It is not true that the authorities can not find out who commit these crimes. There is scarcely any effort upon the part of the lynchers to conceal their crimes nor themselves. The papers publish detailed accounts of these lynchings and lynchers and all but call their names. How came they by this information? It is bosh to say that the detectives with these clews could not hunt down the guilty parties. In the case where a boy raped a woman in South Carolina it is said that the woman's husband kicked his eyes out and, I think, called his name. If this man had personally encountered this boy and done this, I would starve on a jury before I would bring in a verdict of guilty. But he had a mob and did this. They took him from an officer of the law and killed him, and this was lynch.

The grand jury of Roanoke, Va,. has broken this monstrous monotonous farce of "We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death by gun- shots in the hands of parties unknown to the jury," and indicted a number of persons and among them, the chief of police. This is a healthy beginning.

The downfall of the Roman Decemvirate was due to outrages and unlawful conduct. Notably among them was the case of Virginia, the daughter of Virginius. This beautiful girl was just blooming into womanhood and was betrothed to Ieilius. Appius Claudius, the Decemvir, lusted after her. He planned to get her. With this view he ordered M. Claudius to seize her and claim her for his slave. The trial would be before him and he had planned to render a decision in favor of M. Claudius with the understanding that he would secretly turn her over to him. She was claimed and seized by this man on her way to school. The trial came before Appius and he decided that she should be delivered to M. Claudius until her father should appear and prove her his daughter. This was to be the next morning. Her father was in the army twenty miles from Rome. Appius sent a secret message to the general in the army not to grant Virginias leave of absence. His friends, meanwhile, had sent him word. When Appius' messenger got to the army Virginius was half way to Rome.

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The people all knew this was contrary to the law which Appius himself had framed. The people clamored for justice. Icilius and the uncle of the girl argued boldly against the legality of the judgement and Appius fearing a tumult among the people, ordered that she be left in their hands upon the condition that they give bail to bring her before him the next morning and that if her father did not appear he would give her to her pretended master. His intention was to get him away. Virginius seeing Appius' intention, asked to be allowed to take the girl aside to inquire closely of her if he was her father, that if he was not he could bear her loss more easily. This was granted and he took her off a piece, snatched up a butcher's knife and said to her "by this means only can I keep thee free," and stabbed her to her heart. He returned waving the bloody knife Appius ordered him arrested, but the people were in sympathy with Virginius and made way for his escape. He returned to the army, told his story and immediately the soldiers left their Decemviral generals and marched to Rome. The city was surrounded by them; the senate was immediately called and appointed a committee to negotiate terms of peace with the Plebeians.

The Plebeians demanded
1st. That the Tribunalship should be restored and the Comitia Tributa recognized.
2nd. That the right of appeal to the people against the power of the supreme magistrate should be secured.
3rd. That full indemnity should be granted to the movers and promoters of the late secession.
4th. That the decemvirs should be burned alive.

The senate committee agreed to all but the fourth. They said that was unworthy of a free people. That it was a piece of tyranny as bad as the worst acts of the late government. That it was needless because if any one had any reason of complaint against the late Decemvirs, they might proceed against them according to law. The wisdom of these words had the desired effect and the Plebeians withdrew their fourth demand. This is exactly my contention. I do not deny that a great crime has been committed nor that it should not be punished by death, but that we should proceed according to law. It will be seen that this violation of law and the blood of Virginia overthrew the Decemvirate of Rome. The Tribunalship was established and Virginius was elected on of the Tribunes. He singled out Appius and had him put in prison and refused him bail unless he could prove that he did not assign Virginia to be a slave until she proved that she was free. This was impossible and he was thrown into prison where he killed himself. Then followed the execution of Oppius and when others were about to be executed M. Duillius came forward and said "Enough has been done to vindicate justice and to uphold freedom. Further punishment would bear the semblance of revenge and make it much more difficult to reconcile the two parties." I submit that enough of this unlawful and inhumane murdering has been done to vindicate the pride and morality of the South. Enough has been done to show that rape has aroused the indignation of a chivalrous. Virtue-loving people. Enough has been done to vindicate outraged justice. O, that a Duillius would appear at this terrible crisis to utter such words of wisdom. We are willing to bury the past and hope for the future because God knows that enough of this bloody work has been done. What it has not vindicated it cannot vindicate.

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What it has not accomplished it cannot accomplish. The terror it has not excited it cannot excite. It is enough of that kind of business and I pray you, my countrymen, in God's name, to stop and stop now.

When Appius planned this outrageous, unlawful course with Virginia, he did not dream that he would be called in question for it. The entire Decemviral body was called in question for their conduct and paid for it dearly. Alexander, Caesar, Nebuchadnezzer, Belshazzar, Antiochus, the Maccabees, Herod and a host of others too numerous to mention were called in question for their conduct. This country has been called in question for traffic in human slavery. When the slaves were not profitable at the North, the North shipped the slaves to the South, and later on the North endeavored to shift the responsibility to the South. But when the day of retribution came, the North in common with the South was called in question for this sin and both sacrificed much property, millions of dollars, and the blood and lives of hundreds of thousands of as noble men as any country ever produced. It was an awful calling in question. It was a bloody answering. This country has not yet fully recovered from that terrible judgment. I tell you, my friends, a just God lives and presides over the destiny of nations, and we are in danger to be called in question for these days of uproar. May the mighty God of Jacob pity our nation and a loving heaven smile gently on our country for Jesus' sake. AMEN.

... *Excerpt ends.*

To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

The Blood Red Record

NOTE: This is an excerpt. The full text of The blood red record : review of the horrible lynchings and burning of Negroes by civilized white men in the United States : as taken from the records : with comments by John Edward Bruce ... can be found in African American Perspectives: Pamphlets from the Daniel A.P.Murray Collection, 1818-1907

Excerpt begins ...

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According to the Chicago Tribune, which kept a daily record of lynchings for the year 1900, 117 persons were lynched, of whom only eighteen were charged with rape--the only crime which white men at the South say for which Negroes are lynched. The Chicago Conservator, another influential newspaper, has rearranged the record given by the Tribune in the following order:
Charge of Murder.
January 9, Henry Giveney, Ripley, Tenn.
January 9, Roger Giveney, Ripley, Tenn.
March 11, Unknown Negro, Jennings, Neb.
March 24, Walter Cotton Emporia, Va.
March 27, William Edward, Deer Creek Bridge, Miss.
April 16, Moses York, near Tunica, Miss.
April 28, Mindee Chowgee, Marshall, Mo.
May 4, Marshall Jones, Douglas, Ga.
May 13, Alexander Whitney, Harlem, Ga.
May 14, William Willis, Grovetown, Ga.
May 14, Unknown Negro, Brooksville, Fla.
May 14, Unknown Negro, Brooksville, Fla.
May 22, Calvin Hilburn, Pueblo, Colorado.
June 10, Unknown Negro, Snead, Fla.
June 17, Nat Mullins, Earl, Ark.
June 21, Robert Davis, Mulberry, Fla.
July 12, John Jennings, Creswell, Ga.
July 26, Robert Charles, New Orleans, La.
September 11, Unknown Negro, Forest City, N.C.

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September 11, Thomas J. Amos, Cheneyville, La.
September 7, Frank Brown, Tunica, Miss.
September 14, David Moore, Tunica, Miss.
September 14, William Brown, Tunica, Miss.
October 9, Wiley Johnson, Baton Rouge, La.
October 23, Gloster Barnes, near Vicksburg, Miss.
November 16, Preston Porter, Lymon, Col.
December 16, Bud Rowland, Rockford, Ind.
December 16, Thomas Henderson, Rockford, Ind.
December 19, Unknown Negro, Arcadia, Miss.
December 20,--Lewis, Gulf Port, Miss.
Plot to Kill Whites.
April 22, John Hughley, Allentown, Fla.
Suspected Robbery.
June 17, S.A. Jenkins, Searcy, Ark.
Rape.
June 5, W.W. Watts, Newport News, Va.
March 4, George Ratliffe, Clyde, N.C.
March 10, Thomas Clayton, Hernando, Miss.
March 26, Lewis Harris, Belair, Md.
April 3, Allen Brooks, Berryville, Ga.
April 20, John Peters, Tazewell, W. Va.
May 4, Henry Darley, Liberty, Md.
May 7, Unknown Negro, Geneva, Ala.
June 3, Dago Pete, Tutwiler, Miss.
June 23, Frank Gilmore, Livingstone Parish, La.
July 23, Elijah Clark, Huntsville, Ala.
July 24, Jack Hillsman, Knoxville, Ga.
August 13, Jack Betts, Corinth, Miss.
August 19, Unknown Negro, Arrington, Va.
August 26, Unknown Negro, S. Pittsburg, Tenn.
October 19, Frank Hardeneman, Wellaston, Ga.

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December 8, Daniel Long, Wythe county, Va.
December 21, Unknown Negro, Arkadelphia, Ark.
Attempted Assault.
March 18, John Bailey, Marietta, Ga.
March 18, Charles Humphries, Lee county, Ala.
April 19, Henry McAfee, Brownsville, Miss.
May 11, William Lee, Hinton, W. Va.
May 15, Henry Harris, Lena, La.
June 9, Simon Adams, near Columbia, Ga.
June 11, Senny Jefferson, Metcalf, Ga.
June 27, Jock Thomas, Live Oak, Fla.
July 6, John Roe, Columbia, Ala.
September 10, Logan Reoms, Duplex, Tenn.
September 12, Zed Floyd, Wetumpka, Kan.
October 2, Winfield Thomas, Eclectic, Ala.
October 18, Fratur Warfield, Elkton, Ky.
Race Prejudice.
July 25, Unknown Negro, New Orleans, La.
July 25, August Thomas, New Orleans, La.

July 25, Baptiste Fileau, New Orleans, La.
July 25, Louis Taylor, New Orleans, La.
July 25, Anna Mabry, New Orleans, La.
July 25, Unknown Negro, New Orleans, La.
July 25, Silas Jackson, New Orleans, La.
October 24, James Suer, Liberty Hill, Ga.
October 24, James Calaway, Liberty Hill, Ga.
Giving Testimony.
March 23, Luis Rice, Ripley, Tenn.
Attacking a White Man.
May 1, Henry Ratcliff, Gloucester, Miss.
May 1, George Gordon, Albin, Miss.
September 8, Grant Weley, Thomasville, Ga.

{Begin page no. 10}
Suspicion of Murder.
June 10, Askew, Mississippi City, Miss.
June 10, Reese, Mississippi City, Miss.
Complicity of Murder.
June 10, John Sanders, Snead, Fla.
December 17, John Rolla, Booneville, Ind.
Unknown Offenses.
June 27, Jordan Hines, Molina, Ga.
June 20, James Barco, Panasoffkee, Fla.
No Offense.
May 7, Unknown Negro, Amite, Miss.
Arson.
April 5, Unknown Negro, Southampton county, Va.
December 28, George Faller, Marion, Ga.
Suspicion of Arson.
January 11, Rufus Salter, West Spring, S.C.
Aiding Escape of Murderers.
January 16, Anderson Gause, Henning, Tenn.
Unpopularity.
July 9, Jefferson Henry, Greene's Bayou, La.
Making Threats.
March 4, James Crosby, Selo Hatchel, Ala.
June 12, Seth Cobb Deyall's Bluffs, La.
Informer.
March 22, George Ritter, Canhaft, N.C.

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Robbing.
May 26, Unknown Negro, West Point, Ark.
October 8,--Williams, Tiponville, Tenn.
Burglary.
September 21, George Bickham, Ponchatoula, La.
September 21, Charles Elliott, Ponchatoula, La.
September 21, Nathaniel Bowman, Ponchatoula, La.
September 11, Charles Elliot, Ponchatoula, La.
September 21, Isaiah Rollins, Ponchatoula, La.
Attempt to Murder.
June 12, John Brodie, Lee county, Ark.
November 15, Unknown Negro, Jefferson, Texas.

November 15, Unknown Negro, Jefferson, Texas.
November 15, Unknown Negro, Jefferson, Texas.
Threats to Kill.
February 17, William Burts, Basket Mills, S.C.
Assault.
May 16, Samuel Hinson, Cushtusha, Miss.
October 30,--Abernathy, Duke, Ala.

It should be borne in mind that this list represents the number of Negroes *killed* by mobs of white men for *alleged* crimes, *and not by any legal process of law* , which a white man charged with crime would demand as his right under the Constitution. Trial by jury is never denied any white criminal, even though he should *assassinate* the President of the United States. The disposition to be fair to white men who go wrong, even when they steal $620,000, or when, like brute beasts, three or four of them unite in outraging a helpless mill girl, and after violating her person murder her--is an American characteristic. The Alvord defalcation and the Paterson scandal are cases in point. Has any Negro, living or dead, committed

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a greater robbery than Alvord, or a more fiendish, brutal or cowardly murder, combined with rape, than the young white men at Paterson, N.J., who have recently been convicted by a jury of their peers for the outrage upon and murder of Jennie Bosschieter? Have any of the Negroes who have been lynched and roasted by white mobs in various parts of the country, North and South, had the advantages of social culture and refinement--of educating themselves and improving their opportunities that were possessed by either Alvord or the four highly-respectable young white men who have just been convicted of the brutal crimes charged against them? We do not offer in extenuation of crime the ignorance of Negroes who commit crime. Nor do we seek to palliate or condone their offenses against society and against the law of the land. We have merely referred to these cases to show that crimes of the character described are not confined to a particular race or class that the educated and refined criminal can be more brutal and vicious than the ignorant criminal, or, at least, equally so. He has the advantage of the ignorant man in mental resources and low cunning, and when once the sleeping devil within him is aroused he is just as human, just as fiendish and blood-thirsty as the most depraved criminal that ever expiated his crime on the gallows or suffered martyrdom at the hands of a civilized and christianized mob of the best citizens.

... *Excerpt ends.*

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To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

Timeline Activity

At any time during the study of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, the creation of a timeline can enhance students' understanding of the story's sequence of events. In addition, whenever historical events and people are referenced in the text of *To Kill a Mockingbird,* the timeline gives students an opportunity to physically organize that information.

The timeline can span the years from 1890 to 2000. It should be large enough to be seen from any part of the room. For our purposes, the timeline was oriented horizontally across the front of the room, divided into decades, and color-coded so that literary happenings could be distinguished from historical events.

During the portion of the book that recounts Tom Robinson's wait for his trial and the formation of a mob outside the jail, the timeline is especially effective for demonstrating to students how pervasive and longstanding the record of violence against African-Americans has been.

Students should go to the home page of African-American Perspectives, 1818-1920 and enter the Timeline of African American History, 1852-1925 for 1881-1900 and 1901-1925.

Ask students to note the number of lynchings that take place during those years on black cards with white tags and attach them to the timeline. When the students have attached all the black cards to the timeline, ask them to calculate the total number of lynchings that took place between 1880 and 1925. Ask students how the crime of lynching relates to the story and how it impacts Tom Robinson.

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Time Line of African American History, 1881-1900

The following works were valuable sources in the compilation of this Time Line: Lerone Bennett's *Before the Mayflower* (Chicago: Johnson Publishing Co., 1982), W. Augustus Low and Virgil A. Clift's *Encyclopedia of Black America* (New York: Da Capo Press, 1984), and Harry A. Ploski and Warren Marr's *The Negro Almanac* (New York: Bellwether Co., 1976).

Timeline: 1852-1880
Timeline: 1901-1925

1881

President Garfield assassinated. President Garfield was shot on July 2; he died on September 19. Vice President Chester A. Arthur (Republican) succeeded Garfield as president.

Tuskegee Institute founded. Booker T. Washington became the first principal of Tuskegee Institute in Tuskegee, Alabama, on July 4. Tuskegee became the leading vocational training institution for African-Americans.

Segregation of public transportation. Tennessee segregated railroad cars, followed by Florida (1887), Mississippi (1888), Texas (1889), Louisiana (1890), Alabama, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Georgia (1891), South Carolina (1898), North Carolina (1899), Virginia (1900), Maryland (1904), and Oklahoma (1907).

1882

Lynchings. Forty-nine black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1882.

1883

Civil Rights Act overturned. On October 15, the Supreme Court declared the Civil Rights Act of 1875 unconstitutional. The Court declared that the Fourteenth Amendment forbids states, but not citizens, from discriminating.

Sojourner Truth dies. Sojourner Truth, a courageous and ardent abolitionist and a brilliant speaker, died on November 26.

A political coup and a race riot. On November 3, white conservatives in Danville, Virginia, seized control of the local government, racially integrated and popularly elected, killing four African-Americans in the process.

Lynchings. Fifty-three black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1883.

1884

Cleveland elected president. Grover Cleveland (Democrat) was elected president on November 4.

Lynchings. Fifty-one black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1884.

1885

A black Episcopal bishop. On June 25, African-American Samuel David Ferguson was ordained a bishop of the Episcopal church.

Lynchings. Seventy-four black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1885.

1886

The Carrollton Massacre. On March 17, 20 black Americans were massacred at Carrollton, Mississippi.

Labor organizes. The American Federation of Labor was organized on December 8, signaling the rise of the labor movement. All major unions of the day excluded black Americans.

Lynchings. Seventy-four black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1886.

1887

Lynchings. Seventy black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1887.

1888

Two of the first African-American banks. Two of America's first black-owned banks -- the Savings Bank of the Grand Fountain United Order of the Reformers, in Richmond Virginia, and Capital Savings Bank of Washington, DC, opened their doors.

Harrison elected president. Benjamin Harrison (Republican) was elected president on November 6.

Lynchings. Sixty-nine black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1888.

1889

Lynchings. Ninety-four black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1889.

1890

Census of 1890.

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U.S. population:  62,947,714
Black population:  7,488,676 (11.9%)
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The Afro-American League. On January 25, under the leadership of Timothy Thomas Fortune, the militant National Afro-American League was founded in Chicago.

African-Americans are disenfranchised. The Mississippi Plan, approved on November 1, used literacy and "understanding" tests to disenfranchise black American citizens. Similar statutes were adopted by South Carolina (1895), Louisiana (1898), North Carolina (1900), Alabama (1901), Virginia (1901), Georgia (1908), and Oklahoma (1910).

A white supremacist is elected. Populist "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman was elected governor of South Carolina. He called his election "a triumph of ... white supremacy."

Lynchings. Eighty-five black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1890.

1891

Lynchings. One hundred and thirteen black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1891.

1892

Grover Cleveland elected president. Grover Cleveland (Democrat) was elected president on November 8.

Lynchings. One hundred and sixty-one black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1892.

1893

Lynchings. One hundred and eighteen black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1893.

1894

The Pullman strike. The Pullman Company strike caused a national transportation crisis. On May 11, African-Americans were hired by the company as strike-breakers.

Lynchings. One hundred and thirty-four black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1894.

1895

Douglass dies. African-American leader and statesman Frederick Douglass died on February 20.

A race riot. Whites attacked black workers in New Orleans on March 11-12. Six blacks were killed.

The Atlanta Compromise. Booker T. Washington delivered his famous "Atlanta Compromise" address on September 18 at the Atlanta Cotton States Exposition. He said the "Negro problem" would be solved by a policy of gradualism and accommodation.

The National Baptist Convention. Several Baptist organizations combined to form the National Baptist Convention of the U.S.A.; the Baptist church is the largest black religious denomination in the United States.

Lynchings. One hundred and thirteen black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1895.

1896

Plessy v. Ferguson. The Supreme Court decided on May 18 in *Plessy v. Ferguson* that "separate but equal" facilities satisfy Fourteenth Amendment guarantees, thus giving legal sanction to Jim Crow segregation laws.

Black women organize. The National Association of Colored Women was formed on July 21; Mary Church Terrell was chosen president.

McKinley elected president. On November 3, William McKinley (Republican) was elected president.

George Washington Carver. George Washington Carver was appointed director of agricultural research at Tuskegee Institute. His work advanced peanut, sweet potato, and soybean farming.

Lynchings. Seventy-eight black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1896.

1897

American Negro Academy. The American Negro Academy was established on March 5 to encourage African-American participation in art, literature and philosophy.

Lynchings. One hundred and twenty-three black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1897.

1898

The Spanish-American War. The Spanish-American War began on April 21. Sixteen regiments of black volunteers were recruited; four saw combat. Five black Americans won Congressional Medals of Honor.

The National Afro-American Council. Founded on September 15, the National Afro-American Council elected Bishop Alexander Walters its first president.

A race riot. On November 10, in Wilmington, North Carolina, eight black Americans were killed during white rioting.

Black-owned insurance companies. The North Carolina Mutual and Provident Insurance Company and the National Benefit Life Insurance Company of Washington, DC were established. Both companies were black-owned.

Lynchings. One hundred and one black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1898.

1899

A lynching protest. The Afro-American Council designated June 4 as a national day of fasting to protest lynchings and massacres.

Lynchings. Eighty-five black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1899.

1900

Census of 1900.

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U.S. population:  75,994,575
Black population:  8,833,994 (11.6%)
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Lynchings. One hundred and six black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1900.

A World's Fair. The Paris Exposition was held, and the United States pavilion housed an exhibition on black Americans. The "Exposition des Negres d'Amerique" won several awards for excellence. Daniel A. P. Murray's collection of works by and about black Americans was developed for this exhibition.

Timeline: 1852-1880
Timeline: 1901-1925

African American Perspectives

Time Line of African American History, 1901-1925

The following works were valuable sources in the compilation of this Time Line: Lerone Bennett's *Before the Mayflower* (Chicago: Johnson Publishing Co., 1982), W. Augustus Low and Virgil A. Clift's *Encyclopedia of Black America* (New York: Da Capo Press, 1984), and Harry A. Ploski and Warren Marr's *The Negro Almanac* (New York: Bellwether Co., 1976).

Timeline: 1852-1880
Timeline: 1881-1900

1901

The last African-American congressman for 28 years. George H. White gave up his seat on March 4. No African-American would serve in Congress for the next 28 years.

President McKinley assassinated. President McKinley died of an assassin's bullet on September 14, a week after being shot in Buffalo, New York. Vice President Theodore Roosevelt succeeded him as president.

Washington dines at the White House. On October 16, after an afternoon meeting at the White House with Booker T. Washington, President Theodore Roosevelt informally invited Washington to remain and eat dinner with him, making Washington the first black American to dine at the White House with the president. A furor arose over the social implications of Roosevelt's casual act.

Lynchings. One hundred and five black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1901.

1902

Lynchings. Eighty-five black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1902.

1903

The Souls of Black Folk. W. E. B. Du Bois's celebrated book, *The Souls of Black Folk*, was published on April 27. In it, Du Bois rejected the gradualism of Booker T. Washington, calling for agitation on behalf of African-American rights.

Lynchings. Eighty-four black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1903.

1904

College founded. Educator Mary McCleod Bethune founds a college in Daytona Beach, Florida, known today as Bethune-Cookman College.

Lynchings. Seventy-six black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1904.

1905

The Niagara Movement. On July 11-13, African-American intellectuals and activists, led by W. E. B. Du Bois and William Monroe Trotter, began the Niagara Movement.

Lynchings. Fifty-seven black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1905.

1906

Soldiers riot. In Brownsville, Texas on August 13, black troops rioted against segregation. On November 6, President Theodore Roosevelt discharged three companies of black soldiers involved in the riot.

A race riot. On September 22-24, in a race riot in Atlanta, ten blacks and two whites were killed.

Lynchings. Sixty-two black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1906.

1908

Thurgood Marshall born. Born in Baltimore on July 2, Thurgood Marshall, was the attorney for the NAACP in the famous case of *Brown v. Board of Education* (1954), in which the Supreme Court found segregated schools to be inherently unequal. He later became the first African-American appointed to the Supreme Court.

A race riot. Many were killed and wounded in a race riot on August 14-19, in Abraham Lincoln's home town of Springfield, Illinois.

Taft elected president. On November 3, William Howard Taft (Republican) was elected president.

Lynchings. Eighty-nine black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1908.

1909

The NAACP is formed. On February 12 -- the centennial of the birth of Lincoln -- a national appeal led to the establishment of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, an organization formed to promote use of the courts to restore the legal rights of black Americans.

The North Pole is reached. On April 6, Admiral Peary and African-American Matthew Henson, accompanied by four Eskimos, became the first men known to have reached the North Pole.

Lynchings. Sixty-nine black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1909.

1910

Census of 1910.

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U.S. population:  93,402,151
Black population:  9,827,763 (10.7%)
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***Crisis* debuts.** The first issue of *Crisis*, a publication sponsored by the NAACP and edited by W. E.B. Du Bois, appeared on November 1.

Segregated neighborhoods. On December 19, the City Council of Baltimore approved the first city ordinance designating the boundaries of black and white neighborhoods. This ordinance was followed by similar ones in Dallas, Texas, Greensboro, North Carolina, Louisville, Kentucky, Norfolk, Virginia, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Richmond, Virginia, Roanoke, Virginia, and St. Louis, Missouri. The Supreme Court declared the Louisville ordinance to be unconstitutional in 1917.

Lynchings. Sixty-seven black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1910.

1911

The National Urban League begins. In October, the National Urban League was organized to help African-Americans secure equal employment. Professor Kelly Miller was a founding member.

Lynchings. Sixty black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1911.

1912

Wilson elected president. Woodrow Wilson (Democrat) was elected president on November 5.

Lynchings. Sixty-one black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1912.

1913

Jubilee year. The fiftieth anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation was celebrated throughout the year.

Harriet Tubman dies. Harriet Tubman -- former slave, abolitionist, and freedom fighter -- died on March 10.

Federal segregation. On April 11, the Wilson administration began government-wide segregation of work places, rest rooms and lunch rooms.

Lynchings. Fifty-one black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1913.

1914

Lynchings. Fifty-one black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1914.

World War I. World War I began in Europe.

1915

Booker T. Washington dies. Renowned African-American spokesman Booker T. Washington died on November 14.

Lynchings. Fifty-six black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1915.

1916

Lynchings. Fifty black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1916.

1917

World War I. America entered World War I on April 6. 370,000 African-Americans were in military service -- more than half in the French war zone.

A race riot. One of the bloodiest race riots in the nation's history took place in East St. Louis, Illinois, on July 1-3. A Congressional committee reported that 40 to 200 people were killed, hundreds more injured, and 6,000 driven from their homes.

NAACP protest. Thousands of African-Americans marched down Manhattan's Fifth Avenue on July 28, protesting lynchings, race riots, and the denial of rights.

A race riot. On August 23, a riot erupted in Houston between black soldiers and white citizens; 2 blacks and 11 whites were killed. 18 black soldiers were hanged for participation in the riot.

The Supreme Court acts. On November 5, the Supreme Court struck down the Louisville, Kentucky ordinance mandating segregated neighborhoods.

Lynchings. Thirty-six black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1917.

1918

A race riot. On July 25-28, a race riot occurred in Chester, Pennsylvania. 3 blacks and 2 whites were killed.

A race riot. On July 26-29, a race riot occurred in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 3 blacks and 1 white were killed.

World War I ends. The Armistice took effect on November 11, ending World War I. The northern migration of African-Americans began in earnest during the war. By 1930 there were 1,035,000 more black Americans in the North, and 1,143,000 fewer black Americans in the South than in 1910.

Lynchings. Sixty black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1918.

1919

"Red Summer." This was the year of the "Red Summer," with 26 race riots between the months of April and October. These included disturbances in the following areas:

May 10	Charleston, South Carolina.
July 13	Gregg and Longview counties, Texas.
July 19-23	Washington, D. C.
July 27	Chicago.
October 1-3	Elaine, Arkansas.

Lynchings. Seventy-six black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1919.

1920

Census of 1920.

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U.S. population:  105,710,620
Black population:  10,463,131 (9.9%)
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The Harlem Renaissance. The decade of the Twenties witnessed the Harlem Renaissance, a remarkable period of creativity for black writers, poets, and artists, including these authors:

Claude McKay,	*Harlem Shadows*, 1922
Jean Toomer,	*Cane*, 1923
Alaine Locke,	*The New Negro*, 1925
Countee Cullen,	*Color*, 1925

The rise of Marcus Garvey. On August 1, Marcus Garvey's Universal Improvement Association held its national convention in Harlem, the traditionally black neighborhood in New York City. Garvey's African nationalist movement was the first black American mass movement, and at its height it claimed hundreds of thousands of supporters.

Harding elected president. On November 3, Warren G. Harding (Republican) was elected president.

Lynchings. Fifty-three black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1920.

1921

A race riot. On May 31-June 1, in a race riot in Tulsa, Oklahoma, 21 whites and 60 blacks were killed. The violence destroyed a thriving African American neighborhood and business district.

Lynchings. Fifty-nine black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1921.

1922

An anti-lynching effort. On January 26, a federal anti-lynching bill was killed by a filibuster in the United States Senate.

Lynchings. Fifty-one black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1922.

1923

President Harding dies. President Warren Harding died on August 3; Vice President Calvin Coolidge succeeded him as president.

Lynchings. Twenty-nine black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1923.

1924

Lynchings. Sixteen black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1924.

1925

Malcolm X born. On May 19, in Omaha, Nebraska, civil rights leader Malcolm X was born.

Sleeping car porters organize. On August 2, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was organized. A. Philip Randolph was chosen president.

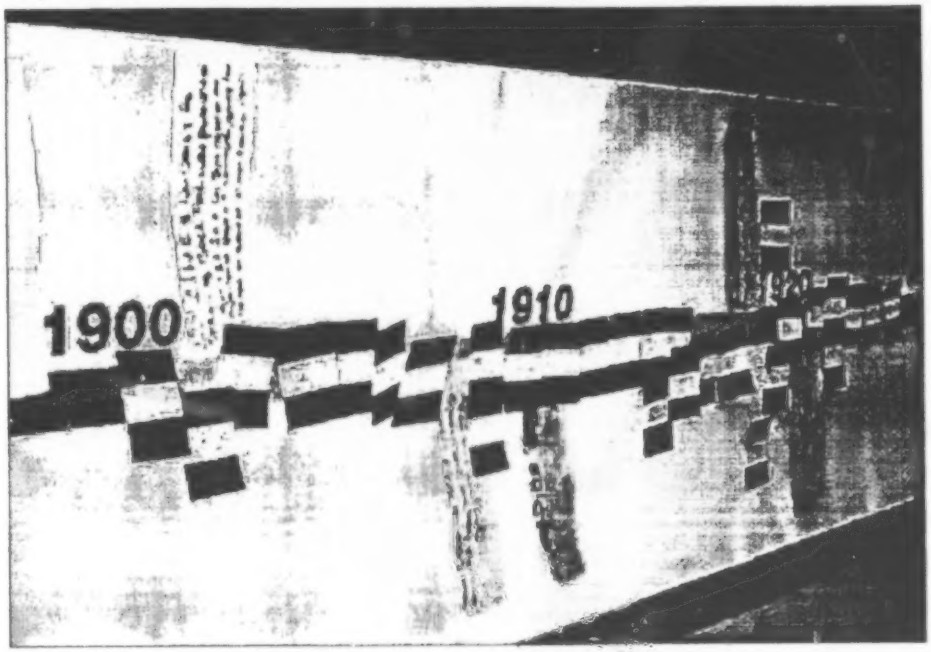
Lynchings. Seventeen black Americans are known to have been lynched in 1925.

Daniel A. P. Murray dies. Assistant Librarian of Congress and African-American historian Daniel A. P. Murray died in Washington, DC, on March 31.

Timeline: 1852-1880
Timeline: 1881-1900

African American Perspectives

http://lcweb2.loc.gov/learn/lessons/98/mock/images/time.jpg



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Words and Deeds in American History: Selected Documents Celebrating the Manuscript Division's First 100 Years

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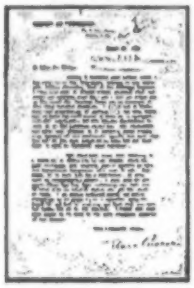
Letter, Eleanor Roosevelt to Walter White detailing the First Lady's lobbying efforts for federal action against lynchings, 19 March 1936.
(National Association for the Advancement of Colored People Records)



Lynching was undoubtedly the most terrible crime perpetrated by white supremacists against African Americans. From the late nineteenth century through the World War I years, hundreds of blacks were lynched in the South for a variety of alleged crimes, the most heinous of which was the rape of white women. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) and other civil rights organizations tried unsuccessfully for many years to get a federal antilynching law passed. First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt (1884-1962) and Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes (1874-1952), a one-time president of the NAACP's Chicago chapter, were supportive of the organization's efforts, but President Franklin D. Roosevelt (1882-1945) did not share their enthusiasm and believed that pressing for the NAACP's demands would endanger congressional support for his New Deal programs. In her March 1936 letter to Walter Francis White (1893-1955), who served as NAACP executive secretary (later director) from 1931 to 1955, Mrs. Roosevelt stated some of the arguments that were used by the president and others against passage of an antilynching bill. It is clear from this "personal and confidential" letter that Mrs. Roosevelt was searching for a tactful means for aiding the anti-lynching cause herself, and she suggested to White various methods for winning the goodwill of members of Congress.

Debra Newman Ham, Manuscript Division

For Additional Information
For additional information on the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People Records, you can leave this site and read a summary catalog record for the collection.

Reproduction Number:
A69 (color slide); LC-MSS-34140-41 (B&W negative)

Related Terms:
African Americans | Civil rights movement | Congress | First ladies | Ickes, Harold L. (Harold LeClaire) (1874-1952) | Legislation | Lobbying | Lynching | NAACP | National Association for the Advancement of Colored People | Presidents | Roosevelt, Eleanor (1884-1962) | Roosevelt, Franklin D. (Franklin Delano) (1882-1945) | White, Walter Francis (1893-1955) | Women

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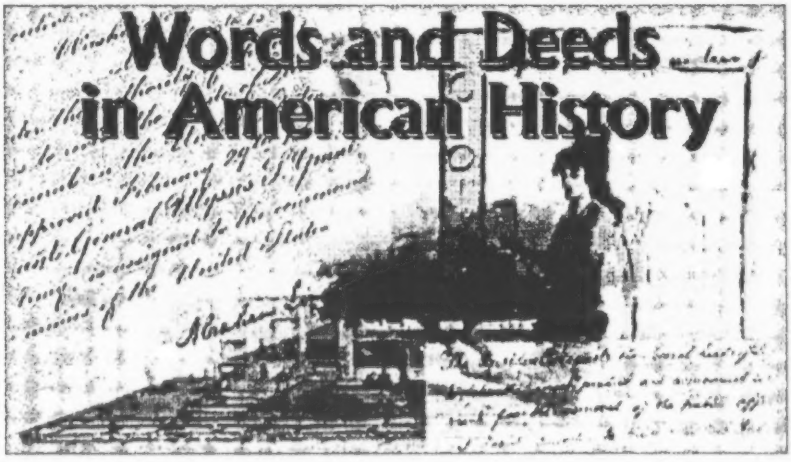

Selected Documents Celebrating the Manuscript Division's First 100 Years

Manuscript Division, Library of Congress

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In honor of the Manuscript Division's centennial, its staff has selected for online display approximately ninety representative documents spanning from the fifteenth century to the mid-twentieth century. Included are the papers of presidents, cabinet ministers, members of Congress, Supreme Court justices, military officers and diplomats, reformers and political activists, artists and writers, scientists and inventors, and other prominent Americans whose lives reflect our country's evolution. Most of the selected items fall within one of eight major themes or categories which reflect the division's strengths. Each of these themes is the focus of a separate essay containing links to digital reproductions of selected documents. A detailed description accompanies each document, and additional information about the parent collections may be obtained by following links to catalog records and finding aids.

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The Presidency | Congress, Law, and Politics | Military Affairs | Diplomacy and Foreign Policy | Arts and Literature | Science, Medicine, Exploration, and Invention | African-American History and Culture | Women's History | Miscellany

Special Presentation:
Collecting, Preserving, and Researching History: A Peek into the Library of Congress Manuscript Division

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To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

The Roots of Slavery

Activity One: The Middle Passage -- From African roots to the North American soil (1 day)

1. Introduce students to the history of slave trading by viewing pictures and reading brief passages from Tom Feelings' book *Middle Passage: White Ships and Black Cargo*. If web access is available in the classroom, project slides of his black and white illustrations posted at Juneteenth Pictorial: Middle Passage (http://www.juneteenth.com/middlep.htm).

2. View brief segments from Part 1 of the video recording of Alex Haley's *Roots*. Show students excerpts of Kunta Kinte on the slave ship, on the auction block, and on the plantation.

3. Debrief with students their response to the drawings of Tom Feelings and the movie clips from *Roots*.

Activity Two: Slaves and Masters (2 days)

1. Ask students to read chapter 2 from *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* written by Harriet Jacobs. Chapter 2 relates events that parallel the cruel treatment of Kunta Kinte in *Roots*. Have students identify the similarities and differences in Harriet Jacobs' and Kunta Kinte's experiences.

2. Have students read Chapter VI, "A Child's Reasoning," from *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*. It is an excellent piece to contrast with Scout's voice in *To Kill a Mockingbird* and can be abridged to accommodate reading abilities or time constraints.

3. As a class or in small groups, students describe and write down those images of slavery that most impressed them from Harriet Jacobs' and Frederick Douglass' first person narratives.

Activity Three: The Auction Block (2 days)

1. Ask students to read Solomon Northup's account of a slave auction in Chapter IV, Twelve Years a Slave: Narrative of Solomon Northup, a Citizen of Newark, Kidnapped in Washington City in 1841 and Rescued in 1853.

2. Go to African American Perspectives: Pamphlets from the Daniel A. P. Murray Collection, 1818-1907 and

use a keyword search (use two words: *slave*, *georgia* in the search box) to locate the document "What Became of the Slaves on a Georgia Plantation? Great Auction Sale of Slaves, at Savannah, Georgia, March 2d & 3d, 1859. A Sequel to Mrs. Kemble's Journal." Ask students to read the entire work, taking note of the language, tone, narrative style, and point of view.

3. Group students in pairs to compare and contrast the stories of the two auctions. Use Study Guide for Slave Auction Narratives to focus their discussion.

Top of Page

http://lcweb2.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/murray:@field(DOCID+@lit(T2305))

AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | NEW SEARCH

What became of the slaves on a Georgia plantation? : Great auction sale of slaves, at Savannah, Georgia, March 2d & 3d, 1859. A sequel to Mrs. Kemble's Journal.

Bibliographic information

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{Begin handwritten} Life in the Southern States *{End handwritten}*
WHAT BECAME OF THE SLAVES
ON A
GEORGIA PLANTATION?
GREAT
ACTION SALE OF SLAVES {Begin handwritten} by
Price M. Butler *{End handwritten}*
AT
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
MARCH 2d & 3d, 1859.
A SEQUEL TO MRS. KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.
{Begin handwritten} Savannah, Ga. *{End handwritten}*
1863.

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SALE OF SLAVES.

The largest sale of human chattels that has been made in Star-Spangled America for several years, took place on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, at the Race-course near the City of Savannah, Georgia. The lot consisted of four hundred and thirty-six men, women, children and infants, being that half of the negro stock remaining on the old Major Butler plantations which fell to one of the two heirs to that estate. Major Butler, dying, left a property valued at more than a million of dollars, the major part of which was invested in rice and cotton plantations, and the slaves thereon, all of which immense fortune descended to two heirs, his sons, Mr. John A. Butler, sometime deceased, and Mr. Pierce M. Butler, still living, and resident in the City of Philadelphia, in the free State of Pennsylvania. Losses in the great crash of 1857-8, and other exigencies of business, have compelled the latter gentleman to realize on his Southern investments, that he may satisfy his pressing creditors. This necessity led to a partition of the negro stock on the Georgia plantations, between himself and the representative of the other heir, the widow of the late John A. Butler, and the negroes that were brought to the hammer last week were the property of Mr. Pierce M. Butler, of Philadelphia, and were in fact sold to pay Mr. Pierce M. Butler's debts. The creditors were represented by Gen. Cadwalader, while Mr. Butler was present in person, attended by his business agent, to attend to his own interests.

The sale had been advertised largely for many weeks, though the name of Mr. Butler was not mentioned; and as the negroes were known to be a choice lot and very desirable property, the attendance of buyers was large. The breaking up of an old family estate is so uncommon an occurrence that the affair was regarded with unusual interest throughout the South. For several days before the sale every hotel in Savannah was crowded with negro speculators from North and South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana, who had been attracted hither by the

prospects of making good bargains. Nothing was heard for days, in the bar-rooms and public rooms, but talk of the great sale; criticisms of the business affairs of Mr. Butler, and speculations as to the probable prices the stock would bring. The office of Joseph Bryan, the Negro Broker, who had the management of the sale, was thronged every day by eager inquirers in search of information, and by some who were anxious to buy, but were uncertain as to whether their securities would prove acceptable. Little parties were made up from the various hotels every day to visit the Race-course, distant

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some three miles from the city, to look over the chattels, discuss their points, and make memoranda for guidance on the day of sale. The buyers were generally of a rough breed, slangy, profane and bearish, being for the most part from the back river and swamp plantations, where the elegancies of polite life are not, perhaps, developed to their fullest extent. In fact, the humanities are sadly neglected by the petty tyrants of the rice-fields that border the great Dismal Swamp, their knowledge of the luxuries of our best society comprehending only revolvers and kindred delicacies.

Your correspondent was present at an early date; but as he easily anticipated the touching welcome that would, at such a time, be officiously extended to a representative of *The Tribute* , and being a modest man withal, and not desiring to be the recipient of a public demonstration from the enthusiastic Southern population, who at times overdo their hospitality and their guests, he did not placard his mission and claim his honors. Although he kept his business in the back-ground, he made himself a prominent figure in the picture, and, wherever there was anything going on, there was he in the midst. At the sale might have been seen a busy individual, armed with pencil and catalogue, doing his little utmost to keep up all the appearance of a knowing buyer, pricing "likely nigger fellers," talking confidentially to the smartest ebon maids, chucking the round-eyed youngsters under the chin, making an occasional bid for a large family, (a low bid--so low that somebody always instantly raised him twenty-five dollars, when the busy man would ignominiously retreat,) and otherwise conducting himself like a rich planter, with forty thousand dollars where he could put his finger on it. This gentleman was much condoled with by some sympathizing persons, when the particularly fine lot on which he had fixed his eye was sold and lost to him forever, because he happened to be down stairs at lunch just at the interesting moment.

WHERE THE NEGROES CAME FROM.

The negroes came from two plantations, the one a rice plantation near Darien, in the State of Georgia, not far from the great Okefonokee Swamp, and the other a cotton plantation on the extreme northern point of St. Simon's Island, a little bit of an island in the Atlantic, cut off from Georgia mainland by a slender arm of the sea. Though the most of the steek had been accustomed only to rice and cotton planting, there were among them a number of very passable mechanics, who had been taught to do all the rougher sorts of mechanical work on the plantations. There were coopers, carpenters, shoemakers and blacksmiths, each one equal, in his various craft, to the ordinary requirements of a plantation; thus, the coopers could make rice-tierces, and possibly, on a pinch, rude tubs and buckets; the carpenter could do the rough carpentry about the negro-quarters; the shoemaker could make shoes of the fashion required for the slaves, and the blacksmith was adequate to the

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manufacture of hoes and similar simple tools, and to such trifling repairs in the blacksmithing way as did not require too refined a skill. Though probably no one of all these would be called a superior, or even an average workman, among the masters of the craft, their knowledge of these various trades sold in some cases for nearly as much as the man--that is, a man without a trade, who would be valued at $900, would readily bring $1,600 or $1,700 if he was a passable blacksmith or cooper.

There were no light mulattoes in the whole lot of the Butler stock, and but very few that were even a shade removed from the original Congo blackness. They have been little defiled by the admixture of degenerate Anglo-Saxon blood, and, for the most part, could boast that they were of as pure a breed as the best blood of Spain--a point in their favor in the eyes of the buyer as well as physiologically, for too liberal an infusion of the blood of the dominant race brings a larger intelligence, a more vigorous brain, which, anon, grows restless under the yoke, and is prone to

inquire into the definition of the word Liberty, and the meaning of the starry flag which waves, as you may have heard, o'er the land of the free. The pure-blooded negroes are much more docile and manageable than mulattoes, though less quick of comprehension, which makes them preferred by drivers, who can stimulate stupidity much easier than they can control intelligence by the lash.

None of the Butler slaves have ever been sold before, but have been on these two plantations since they were born. Here have they lived their humble lives, and loved their simple loves; here were they born, and here have many of them had children born unto them; here had their parents lived before them, and are now resting in quiet graves on the old plantations that these unhappy ones are to see no more forever; here they left not only the well-known scenes dear to them from very baby-hood by a thousand fond memories, and homes as much loved by them, perhaps, as brighter homes by men of brighter faces; but all the clinging ties that bound them to living hearts were torn asunder, for but one-half of each of these two happy little communities was sent to the shambles, to be scattered to the four winds, and the other half was left behind. And who can tell how closely intertwined are the affections of a little band of four hundred persons, living isolated from all the world beside, from birth to middle age? Do they not naturally become one great family, each man a brother unto each?

It is true they were sold "in families," but let us see: a man and his wife were called a "family," their parents and kindred were not taken into account; the man and wife might be sold to the pine woods of North Carolina, their brothers and sisters be scattered through the cotton fields of Alabama and rice swamps of Louisiana, while the parents might be left on the old plantation to wear out their weary lives in grief, and lay their heads in far-off graves, over which their children might never weep. And

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no account could be taken of loves that were as yet unconsummated by marriage; and how many aching hearts have been divorced by this summary proceeding no man can ever know. And the separation is as utter, and is infinitely more hopeless, than that made by the Angel of Death, for then the loved ones are committed to the care of a merciful Deity; but in the other instance, to the tender mercies of a slave-trade. These dark-skinned unfortunates are perfectly unlettered, and could not communicate by writing even if they should know where to send their missives. And so to each other, and to the old familiar places of their youth, clung all their sympathies and affections, not less strong, perhaps, because they are so few. The blades of grass on all the Butler estates are outnumbered by the tears that are poured out in agony at the wreck that has been wrought in happy homes, and the crushing grief that has been laid on loving hearts.

But, then, what business have "niggers" with tears? Besides, didn't Pierce Butler give them a silver dollar a-piece? which will appear in the sequel. And, sad as it is, it was all necessary, because a gentleman was not able to live on the beggarly pittance of half a million, and so must needs enter into speculations which turned out adversely.

HOW THEY WERE TREATED IN SAVANNAH.

The negroes were brought to Savannah in small lots, as many at a time as could be conveniently taken care of, the last of them reaching the city the Friday before the sale. They were consigned to the care of Mr. J. Bryan, Auctioneer and Negro Broker, who was to feed and keep them in condition until disposed of. Immediately on their arrival they were taken to the Race-course, and there quartered in the sheds erected for the accommodation of the horses and carriages of gentlemen attending the races. Into these sheds they were huddled pell-mell, without any more attention to their comfort than was necessary to prevent their becoming ill and unsaleable. Each "family" had one or more boxes or bundles, in which were stowed such scanty articles of their clothing as were not brought into immediate requisition, and their tin dishes and gourds for their food and drink.

It is, perhaps, a fit tribute to large-handed munificence to say that, when the negro man was sold, there was no extra change for the negro man's clothes; they went with the man, and were not charged in the bill. Nor is this altogether a contemptible idea, for many of them had worldly wealth, in the shape of clothing and other valuables, to the extent of perhaps four or five dollars; and had all these been taken strictly into the account, the sum total of the sale would have been increased, possibly, a thousand dollars. In the North, we do not necessarily sell the harness with the horse; why, in the South, should the clothes go with the negro?

In these sheds were the chattels huddled together on the floor,

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there being no sign of bench or table. They eat and slept on the bare boards, their food being rice and beans, with occasionally a bit of bacon and corn bread. Their huge bundles were scattered over the floor, and thereon the slaves sat or reclined, when not restlessly moving about, or gathered into sorrowful groups, discussing the chances of their future fate. On the faces of all was an expression of heavy grief; some appeared to be resigned to the hard stroke of Fortune that had torn them from their homes, and were sadly trying to make the best of it; some sat brooding moodily over their sorrows, their chins resting on their hands, their eyes staring vacantly, and their bodies rocking to and fro, with a restless motion that was never stilled; few wept, the place was too public and the drivers too near, though some occasionally turned aside to give way to a few quiet tears. They were dressed in every possible variety of uncouth and fantastic garb, in every style and of every imaginable color; the texture of the garments was in all cases coarse, most of the men being clothed in the rough cloth that is made expressly for the slaves. The dresses assumed by the negro minstrels, when they give imitations of plantation character, are by no means exaggerated; they are, instead, weak and unable to come up to the original. There was every variety of hats, with every imaginable slouch; and there was every cut and style of coat and pantaloons, made with every conceivable ingenuity of misfit, and tossed on with a general appearance of perfect looseness that is perfectly indescribable, except to say that a Southern negro always looks as if he could shake his clothes off without taking his hands out of his pockets. The women, true to the feminine instinct, had made, in almost every case, some attempt at finery. All wore gorgeous turbans, generally manufactured in an instant out of a gay-colored handkerchief by a sudden and graceful twist of the fingers; though there was occasionally a more elaborate turban, a turban complex and mysterious, got up with care, and ornamented with a few beads or bright bits of ribbon. Their dresses were mostly coarse stuff, though there were some gaudy calicoes; a few had ear-rings, and one possessed the treasure of a string of yellow and blue beads. The little children were always better and more carefully dressed than the older ones, the parental pride coming out in the shape of a yellow cap pointed like a mitre, or a jacket with a strip of red broadcloth round the bottom. The children were of all sizes, the youngest being fifteen days old. The babies were generally good-natured; though when one would set up a yell, the complaint soon attacked the others, and a full chorus would be the result.

The slaves remained at the Race-course, some of them for more than a week, and all of them for four days before the sale. They were brought in thus early that buyers who desired to inspect them might enjoy that privilege, although none of them were sold at private sale. For these preliminary days their shed was constantly

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visited by speculators. The negroes were examined with as little consideration as if they had been brutes indeed; the buyers pulling their mouths open to see their teeth, pinching their limbs to find how muscular they were, walking them up and down to detect any signs of lameness, making them stoop and bend in different ways that they might be certain there was no concealed rupture or wound; and in addition to all this treatment, asking them scores of questions relative to their qualifications and accomplishments. All these humiliations were submitted to without a murmur, and in some instances with good-natured cheerfulness--where the slave liked the appearance of the proposed buyer, and fancied that he might prove a kind "Mas'r."

The following curiously sad scene is the type of a score of others that were there enacted:

"Elisha," chattel No. 5 in the catalogue, had taken a fancy to a benevolent-looking middle-aged gentleman, who was inspecting the stock, and thus used his powers of persuasion to induce the benevolent man to purchase him, with his wife, boy and girl, Molly, Israel and Sevanda, chattels Nos. 6, 7 and 8. The earnestness with which the poor fellow pressed his suit, knowing, as he did, that perhaps the happiness of his whole life depended on his success, was touching, and the arguments he used most pathetic. He made no appeal to the feelings of the buyers; he rested no hope on his charity and kindness, but only strove to show how well worth his dollars were the bone and blood he was entreating him to buy.

"Look at me, Mas'r; am prime rice planter; sho' you won't find a better man den me; no better on de whole plantation; not a bit old yet; do mo' work den ever; do carpenter work, too, little; better buy me, Mas'r; I'se be good

sarvant, Mas'r. Molly, too, my wife, Sa, fus'rate rice hand; mos as good as me. Stan' out yer, Molly, and let the gen'lm'n see."

Molly advances, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and makes a quick short curtsy, and stands mute, looking appealingly in the benevolent man's face. But Elisha talks all the faster.

"Show mas'r yer arm, Molly--good arm dat, Mas'r--she do a heap of work mo' with dat arm yet. Let good Mas'r see yer teeth, Molly--see dat Mas'r, teeth all reg'lar, all good--she'm young gal yet. Come out yer, Israel, walk aroun' an' let the gen'lm'n see how spry you be"--

Then, pointing to the three-year-old girl who stood with her chubby hand to her mouth, holding on to her mother's dress, and uncertain what to make of the strange scene.

"Little Vardy's only a chile yet; make prime gal by-and-by. Better buy us, Mas'r, we'm fus' rate bargain"--and so on. But the benevolent gentleman found where he could drive a closer bargain, and so bought somebody else.

Similar scenes were transacting all the while on every side--parents praising the strength and cleverness of their children, and

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showing off every muscle and sinew to the very best advantage, not with the excusable pride of other parents, but to make them the more desirable in the eyes of the man-buyer; and, on the other hand, children excusing and mitigating the age and inability of parents, that they might be more marketable and fall, if possible, into kind hands. Not unfrequently these representations, if borne out by the facts, secured a purchaser. The women never spoke to the white men unless spoken to, and then made the conference as short as possible. And not one of them all, during the whole time they were thus exposed to the rude questions of vulgar men, spoke the first unwomanly or indelicate word, or conducted herself in any regard otherwise than as a modest woman should do; their conversation and demeanor were quite as unexceptionable as they would have been had they been the highest ladies in the land, and through all the insults to which they were subjected they conducted themselves with the most perfect decorum and self-respect.

The sentiment of the subjoined characteristic dialogue was heard more than once repeated:

"Well, Colonel, I seen you looking sharp at Shoemaker Bill's Sally. Going to buy her?

"Well, Major, I think not. Sally's a good, big, strapping gal, and can do a heap o'work; but it's five years since she had any children. *She's done breeding, I reckon* ."

In the intervals of more active labor, the discussion of the re-opening of the slave trade was commenced, and the opinion seemed to generally prevail that its reestablishment is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and one red-faced Major or General or Corporal clenched his remarks with the emphatic assertion that "We'll have all the niggers in Africa over here in three years--we won't leave enough for seed."

THE SALE.

The Race-course at Savannah is situated about three miles from the city, in a pleasant spot, nearly surrounded by woods. As it rained violently during the two days of the sale, the place was only accessible by carriages, and the result was, that few attended but actual buyers, who had come from long distances, and could not afford to lose the opportunity. If the affair had come off in Yankee land, there would have been a dozen omnibuses running constantly between the city and the Race-course, and some speculator would have bagged a nice little sum of money by the operation. But nothing of the kind was thought of here, and the only gainers were the livery stables, the owners of which had sufficient Yankeeism to charge double and treble prices.

The conveniences for getting to the ground were so limited that there were not enough buyers to warrant the opening of the sale for an hour or two after the advertised time. They dropped in, however, a few at a time, and things began to look more encouragingly for the seller.

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The negroes looked more uncomfortable than ever; the close confinement in-doors for a number of days, and the drizzly, unpleasant weather, began to tell on their condition. They moved about more listlessly, and were fast losing the activity and springiness they had at first shown. This morning they were all gathered into the long room of the building erected as the "Grand Stand" of the Race-course, that they might be immediately under the eye of the buyers. The room was about a hundred feet long by twenty wide, and herein were crowded the poor creatures, with much of their baggage, awaiting their respective calls to step upon the block and be sold to the highest bidder. This morning Mr. Pierce Butler appeared among his people, speaking to each one, and being recognized with seeming pleasure by all. The men obsequiously pulled off their hats and made that indescribable sliding hitch with the foot which passes with a negro for a bow; and the women each dropped the quick curtsy, which they seldom vouchsafe to any other than their legitimate master and mistress. Occasionally, to a very old or favorite servant, Mr. Butler would extend his gloved hand, which mark of condescension was instantly hailed with grins of delight from all the sable witnesses.

The room in which the sale actually took place immediately adjoined the room of the negroes, and communicated with it by two large doors. The sale room was open to the air on one side, commanding a view of the entire Course. A small platform was raised about two feet and a-half high, on which were placed the desks of the entry clerks, leaving room in front of them for the auctioneer and the goods.

At about 11 o'clock the business men took their places, and announced that the sale would begin. Mr. Bryan, the Negro Broker, is a dapper little man, wearing spectacles and a yachting hat, sharp and sudden in his movements, and perhaps the least bit in the world obtrusively officious--as earnest in his language as he could be without actual swearing, though acting much as if he would like to swear a little at the critical moment; Mr. Bryan did not sell the goods, he merely superintended the operation, and saw that the entry clerks did their duty properly. The auctioneer proper was a Mr. Walsh, who deserves a word of description. In personal appearance he is the very opposite of Mr. Bryan, being careless in his dress instead of scrupulous, a large man instead of a little one, a fat man instead of a lean one, and a good-natured man instead of a fierce one. He is a rollicking old boy, with an eye ever on the look-out, and that never lets a bidding nod escape him; a hearty word for every bidder who cares for it, and plenty of jokes to let off when the business gets a little slack. Mr. Walsh has a florid complexion, not more so, perhaps, than is becoming, and possibly not more so than is natural in a whiskey country. Not only is his face red, but his skin has been taken off in spots by blisters of some sort, giving him a peely look; so that, taking his face all in all, the peeliness

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{Begin page no. 11}
and the redness combined, he looks much as if he had been boiled in the same pot with a red cabbage.

Mr. Walsh mounted the stand and announced the terms of the sale, "one-third cash, the remainder payable in two equal annual instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, to be secured by approved mortgage and personal security, or approved acceptances in Savannah, Ga., or Charleston, S. C. Purchasers to pay for papers." The buyers, who were present to the number of about two hundred, clustered around the platform; while the negroes, who were not likely to be immediately wanted, gathered into sad groups in the back-ground, to watch the progress of the selling in which they were so sorrowfully interested. The wind howled outside, and through the open side of the building the driving rain came pouring in; the bar down stairs ceased for a short time its brisk trade; the buyers lit fresh cigars, got ready their catalogues and pencils, and the first lot of human chattels was led upon the stand, not by a white man, but by a sleek mulatto, himself a slave, and who seems to regard the selling of his brethren, in which he so glibly assists, as a capital joke. It had been announced that the negroes would be sold in "families," that is to say, a man would not be parted from his wife, or a mother from a very young child. There is perhaps as much policy as

humanity in this arrangement, for thereby many aged and unserviceable people are disposed of, who otherwise would not find a ready sale.

The first family brought out were announced on the catalogue as
NAME ..... AGE. ..... HEMARKS
1. ..... George, - - - - ..... 27 - .... Prime Cotton Planter.
2. ..... Sue, - - - - - ..... 26 - .... Prime Rice Planter.
3. ..... George, - - - - .... Boy Child.
4. ..... Harry, - - - - .... Boy Child.
The manner of buying was announced to be bidding a certain price a-piece for the whole lot. Thus, George and his family were started at $300, and were finally sold at $600 each, being $2,400 for the hour. To get an idea of the relative value of each one, we must suppose George worth $1,200, Sue worth $900, Little George worth $200, and Harry worth $100. Owing, however, to some misapprehension on the part of the buyer, as to the manner of bidding, he did not take the family at this figure, and they were put up and sold again, on the second day, when they brought $620 each, or $2,480 for the whole--an advance of $80 over the first sale.

Robert, and Luna his wife, who were announced as having "goitre, otherwise very prime," brought the round sum of $1,005 each. But that your readers may have an idea of the exact manner in which things are done, I append a couple of pages of the catalogue used on this occasion, which you can print verbatim:
99-Kate's John, aged 31; rice, prime man.
100-Betsey, 20; rice, unsound.
101-Kate. 6
102-Violet, 3 months.
Sold for $510 each.

{Begin page no. 12}
103-Wooster, 45; hand, and fair mason.
104--Mary, 40; cotton hand.
Sold for $300 each.
105--Commodore Bob, aged; rice hand.
106--Kate, aged; cotton.
107--Linda, 19; cotton, prime young woman.
108--Joe, 13; rice, prime boy.
Sold for $600 each.
109--Bob, 30; rice.
110--Mary, 25; rice, prime woman.
Sold for $1,135 each.
111--Anson, 49; rice,-ruptured, one eye.
112--Violet, 55; rice hand.
Sold for $250 each.
113--Allen Jeffrey, 46; rice hand and sawyer in steam mill.
114--Sikey, 43; rice hand.
115--Watty, 5; infirm legs.
Sold for $250 each.
116--Rina, 18; rice, prime young woman.
117--Lena, 1.
Sold for $645 each.
118--Pompey, 31; rice-lame in one foot.
119--Kitty, 30; rice, prime woman.
120--Pompey, Jr., 10; prime boy.
121--John, 7.
122--Noble, 1; boy.
Sold for $580 each.
341--Goin, 39; rice hand.

342--Cassander, 35; cotton hand-has fits.
343--Emiline, 19; cotton, prime young woman.
344--Judy, 11; cotton, prime girl.
Sold for $400 each.
345--Dorcas, 17; cotton, prime woman.
346--Joe, 3 months.
Sold for $1,200 each.
347--Tom, 22; cotton hand. Sold for $1,260.
348--Judge Will, 55; rice hand. Sold for $325.
349--Lowden, 54; cotton hand.
350--Hagar, 50; cotton hand.
351--Lowden, 15; cotton, prime boy.
352--Silas, 13; cotton, prime boy.
353--Lettia, 11; cotton, prime girl.
Sold for $300 each.
354--Fielding, 21; cotton, prime young man.
355--Abel, 19; cotton, prime young man.
Sold for $1,295 each.
356--Smith's Bill, aged; sore leg.
357--Leah, 46; cotton hand.
358--Sally, 9.
Withdrawn.
359--Adam, 24; rice, prime man.
360--Charlotte, 22; rice prime woman.
361--Lesh, 1.
Sold for $570 each.
362--Maria, 47; rice hand.
363--Luna, 22; rice, prime woman.
364--Clementina, 17; rice, prime young woman.
Sold for $950 each.
365--Tom, 48; rice hand.
366--Harriet, 41; rice hand
367--Wanney, 19; rice hand, prime young man.

{Begin page no. 13}
368-Deborah, 6.
369--Infant, 3 months.
Sold for $700 each.

It seems as if every shade of character capable of being implicated in the sale of human flesh and blood was represented among the buyers. There was the Georgia fast young man, with his pantaloons tucked into his boots, his velvet cap jauntily dragged over to one side, his cheek full of tobacco, which he bites from a huge plug, that resembles more than anything else an old bit of a rusty wagon tire, and who is altogether an animal of quite a different breed from your New York fast man. His ready revolver, or his convenient knife, is ready for instant use in case of heated argument. White-neck-clothed, gold-spectacled, and silver-haired old men were there, resembling in appearance that noxious breed of sanctimonious deacons we have at the North, who are perpetually leaving documents at your door that you never read, and the business of whose mendicant life it is to eternally solicit subscriptions for charitable associations, of which they are treasurers. These gentry, with quiet step and subdued voice, moved carefully about among the live stock, ignoring, as a general rule, the men, but tormenting the women with questions which, when accidentally overheard by the disinterested spectator, bred in that spectator's mind an almost irresistible desire to knock somebody down. And then, all imaginable varieties of rough, backwoods rowdies, who began the day in a spirited manner, but who, as its hours progressed, and t

To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

Study Guide for Slave Auction

Activity:

1. Work with a partner. Each of you will be a specialist for one of the personal narratives of a slave auction and respond to the questions below for one of these readings:
   - Twelve Years a Slave: Narrative of Solomon Northup, a Citizen of Newark, Kidnapped in Washington City in 1841 and Rescued in 1853; or
   - What Became of the Slaves on a Georgia Plantation? Great Auction Sale of Slaves, at Savannah, Georgia, March 2d & 3d, 1859. A Sequel to Mrs. Kemble's Journal.

2. With your partner, compare similarities and differences between the two pieces.

3. Share your conclusions thro ass discussions or by creating a poster or two-column table.

Questions:

1. Who is the narrator of this account?
   - What do you know about the narrator based on the text?
   - What is the role of the narrator at the auction?
   - What is seen and reported by the narrator?
   - Do you notice anything that is not reported?

2. Discuss the following points about the story of the auction.
   - Where does the auction take place?
   - When does it take place?
   - Who is at the auction and what do they do?
   - What is being auctioned and how much is being bid?
   - What is the outcome of the auction?

3. What descriptive language does the narrator use in recounting the auction?

4. Find and list examples in the text for each of the following literary devices.
   - Hyperbole
   - Irony
   - Pathos
   - Metaphor
   - Simile

To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

The Emancipation Proclamation: Unfulfilled Promises

Activity One: Emancipation Proclamation: The Promise (2 days)

1. In American Memory, open Mr. Lincoln's Virtual Library and read the introductory material.
2. Choose The Emancipation Proclamation and read the Introduction.
3. Choose the Gallery to see the First Draft of the Emancipation Proclamation: (Click on the thumbnail image to see enlarged versions.) Students enjoy viewing the document in Lincoln's own handwriting; however, I furnish students with a typed transcript for easier reading.
4. Discuss the meaning of the document and the implications of its message.
5. Give students copies of Emancipation Proclamation (preliminary version). First edition. Washington, September 22, 1862.
6. Go to the Final Draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. Give the students a typed transcript of this document.
7. Students work in pairs and examine the three transcripts of the Emancipation Proclamation.
8. Each pair should complete the Emancipation Proclamation Comparison/Analysis Sheet.

Activity Two: The Negro Mother: The Dream (one day)

1. Read the poem, "The Negro Mother," by Langston Hughes.
2. Complete the Reader's Response Guide.

Activity Three: Emancipation Oration! The Truth (2 days)

1. Provide students with copies of the Emancipation Oration! delivered by Rev. E.K. Love at the Emancipation Celebration in Augusta, Georgia, January 1st, 1891.

2. Working in pairs, students read the oration aloud.

3. Each pair of students then completes the Oration Analysis Guide.

Activity Four: The Writing Connection (1 day)

Using one of the documents that you read in this unit, create an original found poem that captures the essence of the document.

- A found poem is created by taking words and phrases from the document that capture its essence. Rearrange the words as needed. Eliminate "a" and "the" and other unnecessary words. Capture the subjective perceptions of the document.

- Give full credit to the source of the poem by including a complete bibliography citation.

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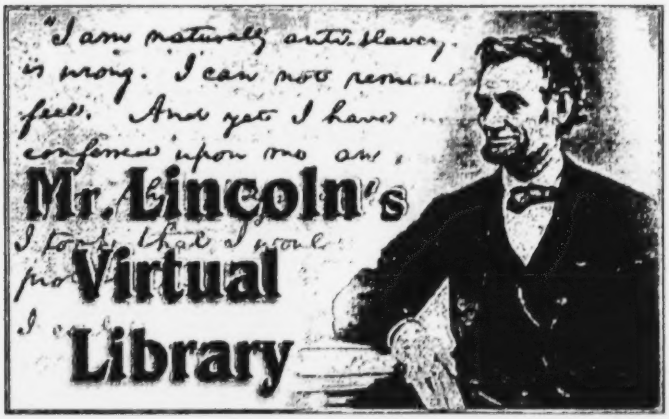

A Cooperative Project from Library of Congress

Mr. Lincoln's Virtual Library highlights two collections at the Library of Congress that illuminate the life of Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), the sixteenth president of the United States. The *Abraham Lincoln Papers* housed in the Manuscript Division contain approximately 20,000 items including correspondence and papers accumulated primarily during Lincoln's presidency. Transcriptions and annotations for the *Papers* are available through a cooperative agreement with the Lincoln Studies Center, Knox College. The *"We'll Sing to Abe Our Song!"* online collection, drawn from the Alfred Whital Stern Collection in the Rare Book and Special Collections Division, includes more than two hundred sheet-music compositions that represent Lincoln and the war as reflected in popular music. In addition to the sheet music, the Stern Collection contains books, pamphlets, broadsides, autograph letters, prints, cartoons, maps, drawings, and other memorabilia adding up to over 10,500 items that offer a unique view of Lincoln's life and times. *Mr. Lincoln's Virtual Library* provides access to a variety of documents and resources about Abraham Lincoln. This project is being supported by a generous gift from Donald G. Jones, Terri L. Jones, and The Jones Family Foundation.

The mission of the Library of Congress is to make its resources available and useful to Congress and the American people and to sustain and preserve a universal collection of knowledge and creativity for future generations. The goal of the Library's National Digital Library Program is to offer broad public access to a wide range of historical and cultural documents as a contribution to education and lifelong learning.

The Library of Congress presents these documents as part of the record of the past. These primary historical documents reflect the attitudes, perspectives, and beliefs of different times. The Library of Congress does not endorse the views expressed in these collections, which may contain materials offensive to some readers.

Featured Collections

Abraham Lincoln Papers at the Library of Congress

"We'll Sing to Abe Our Song!": Sheet Music about Lincoln, Emancipation, and the Civil War from the Alfred Whital Stern Collection of Lincolniana

Related Resources

The Library of Congress Lincoln Reception
Cybercast, February 3, 1998

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EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

Almost from the beginning of his administration, Lincoln was pressured by abolitionists and radical Republicans to issue an Emancipation Proclamation. In principle, Lincoln approved, but he postponed action against slavery until he believed he had wider support from the American Public. The passage of the Second Confiscation Act by Congress on July 17, 1862, which freed the slaves of everyone in rebellion against the government, provided the desired signal. Not only had Congress relieved the Administration of considerable strain with its limited initiative on emancipation, it demonstrated an increasing public abhorrence toward slavery.

The first reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the cabinet.
Painted by F.B. Carpenter ; engraved by A.H. Ritchie, c1866.
(Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division. Reproduction Number: LC-USZ62-2070 DLC)

Lincoln had already drafted what he termed his "Preliminary Proclamation." He read his initial draft of the Emancipation Proclamation to Secretaries William H. Seward and Gideon Welles on July 13, 1862. For a moment, both Secretaries were speechless. Quickly collecting his thoughts, Seward said something about anarchy in the South and possible foreign intervention, but with Welles apparently too confused to respond, Lincoln let the matter drop.

Brett (A.) & Co. Abraham Lincoln.
N.Y. Jones & Clark [186?].
(Library of Congress, Stern Collection, Rare Book and Special Collections Division.)

Nine days later, on July 22, Lincoln raised the issue in a regularly scheduled Cabinet meeting. The reaction was mixed. Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, correctly interpreting the Proclamation as a military measure designed both to deprive the Confederacy of slave labor and bring additional men into the Union Army, advocated its immediate release. Treasury Secretary Salmon P. Chase was equally supportive, but Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster General, foresaw defeat in the fall elections. Attorney General Edward Bates, a conservative, opposed civil and political equality for Blacks but gave his qualified support. Fortunately, President Lincoln only wanted the advice of his Cabinet on the style of the Proclamation, not its substance. The course was set.

The Cabinet meeting of September 22, 1862, resulted in the political and literary refinement of the July draft, and on January 1, 1863, Lincoln composed the final Emancipation Proclamation. It was the crowning achievement of his administration.

The original autograph was lost in the Chicago fire of 1871. Surviving photographs of the document show it primarily in Lincoln's own hand. The superscription and ending are in the hand of a clerk, and the printed insertions are from the September draft.

Draft of the Emancipation Proclamation, by President Abraham Lincoln, July 22, 1862.
The Robert Todd Lincoln Family Papers, Manuscript Division.

http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/alhtml/almss/dep001.html

[illegible] 22 [illegible]

In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled "An act to suppress insurrection and to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes" Approved July 17. 1862, and which act, and the joint Resolution explanatory thereof, are hereunto published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to, and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion against the government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeitures and seizures, as within and by said sixth section provided.

And I hereby make known that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure for tendering pecuniary aid to the free choice or rejection, of any and all States which may then be recognizing and practically sustaining the authority of the United States, and which may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, gradual abolishment of slavery within such State or States. That the object is to practically restore, thenceforward to maintain, the constitutional relation between the general government, and each, and all the states, wherein that relation

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Emancipation Proclamation (preliminary version). First printed edition. Washington, September 22, 1862. Stern Collection, Rare Book and Special Collections Division. Rare Books and Special Collections Division.

President Lincoln issued this first printing of the preliminary version of the Emancipation Proclamation in general orders format, as an order from the Commander-in-Chief to the armed forces. Because he had direct control over the Army, the President thus made it unnecessary to go through Congress to activate the Proclamation. The preliminary version differs from the final version of January 1, 1863, in placing a greater emphasis on the preservation of the Union as a motivating force for the Proclamation.

http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/alhtml/alrb/step/01011863/001.html

Notice of issuance of Proclamation emancipating slaves in States in rebellion on January 1, 1885. (61C)

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

A PROCLAMATION.

I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and each of the States, and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed.

That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all Slave States, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon this continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognise and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by Proclamation, designate the States, and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and

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Photograph copy of President Abraham Lincoln's draft of the final Emancipation Proclamation, January 1, 1863. Original destroyed in the Chicago fire of 1871.
The Robert Todd Lincoln Family Papers, Manuscript Division.

http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/alhtml/almss/ep001.html

By the President of the United States of America:

A Proclamation.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief, of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above mentioned, order and designate

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To Kill a Mockingbird:
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Analysis of the Emancipation Proclamation

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1. Examine the three versions of the *Emancipation Proclamation*. What are the dates of each of the three documents?
   - First Draft:
   - Second Draft:
   - Final Signed Document:

2. To what body did President Lincoln issue this Proclamation?

3. What was his reasoning for issuing the Proclamation to this body?

4. What significant changes do you observe between the opening lines of the first and final drafts?

5. What section of the final draft is taken directly from the second draft?

6. Look at the conclusion of each of the three drafts.
   - Does the first draft appear to be complete? Explain.
   - How does the first draft differ from the second?
   - What further changes were made in the conclusion of the final draft?

7. In the Proclamation Lincoln is not calling for the emancipation of all slaves. What slaves will be emancipated through this document?

8. This Proclamation was issued two years into the Civil War. What do you believe was the motivation for the release of this document at this time?

9. Write a complete bibliography entry for this document.

10. Although this document is written in English, the sentence structure and word usage may be unfamiliar to the contemporary student. Paraphrase Lincoln's document using formal, but more contemporary language.

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To Kill a Mockingbird:
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"The Negro Mother": Reflections of History

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1. Who is the speaker in the poem?

2. What images does the speaker create that show her struggle?

3. How does the speaker reach her goals?

4. To whom is the poem addressed and what advice does it relay?

5. What is the tone of the poem?

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AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | NEW SEARCH

African American Perspectives: Pamphlets from the Daniel A.P.Murray Collection, 1818-1907

Emancipation oration! : delivered by Rev. E.K. Love, D.D., Savannah, Ga., at the emancipation celebration, at Augusta, Georgia, January 1st, 1891 ; with introduction by Judson W. Lyons, Esq., Augusta.

Bibliographic information

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Emancipation Oration!
DELIVERED BY
Rev. E.K. Love, D.D. Savannah, Ga.,
AT THE
Emancipation Celebration,
AT
Augusta, Georgia, January 1st, 1891.
WITH
INTRODUCTION
BY
JUDSON W. LYONS, Esq., Augusta.
RESOLUTION
By Rev. C.T. WALKER, D.D.

Whereas, We have listened with profound interest, profit and edification to the very able and scholarly address of REV. E.K. LOVE, D.D. And

Whereas, It is replete with wholesome advice; helpful suggestions, and should prove an inspiration to his own race. Be it

Resolved , That we request, DR. LOVE, to put his address in pamphlet form, to be sold at a moderate price, and that we pledge ourselves to give it the widest possible circulation.
(ADOPTED.)
GEORGIA BAPTIST JOB PRESS, AUGUSTA, GA. *{Begin handwritten}* 1891 *{End handwritten}*

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INTRODUCTION

The Huguenots did not make the problem. They demanded what was theirs by a written, well known and acknowledged law. France refused and oppressed in spite of the law. France made the problem.

The colonies did not make the problem. They simply demanded what was the ancient born right of every British citizen. England refused to allow them to exercise the right. England made the problem.

Ireland rocks in the throes of confusion for asking for what her neighbors on the other side of the channel would not

part with for a moment. Ireland makes not the problem--England for refusing to do unto her as she would be done by, makes it.

The Negro in America stands under the law and by the law. He is clothed in his right mind. He is sitting under his own vine and fig tree. He is hoeing his own row, --"Toteing his own skillet," breaking no law, and, I regret to say, making none.

Yet he is jostled and he is crowded where there is ample room. But he is not cast down nor out of patience. He has not made the problem.

Those who deny him the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, and all things in pursuance thereof, made it.

Believing that in every breast there is a lodgment of at least the seed of fair play, and that the best way to develop this seed and to solve this problem --This *United States Problēm* --is to talk about them, he has begun to talk and and to talk sensibly, powerfully, logically and convincingly-just as DR. LOVE talked in his masterly Emancipation Oration in Augusta, January 1891.
J. W. Lyons.
January 5th, 1891.

{Begin page}

Emancipation Oration,
BY REV. E. K. LOVE, D. D., SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.
DELIVERED AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, JANUARY 1891.

Fellow Citizens:-
I esteem it an honor for which I have no language to adequately express my gratitude to you for being invited to address you on this auspicious occasion. The emancipation of more than four million souls from the most cruel and diabolical system of slavery that ever disgraced this or any other country is no ordinary occurrence; and we should celebrate it with befitting ceremonies, characterized with the profoundest sense of gratitude, thanksgiving and patriotism, as often as that memorable day rolls around until time shall wane and be no more. Indeed this should be a great day among us. It marks the day when the mighty arm of Jehovah was moved in our defense, and effected eternally our deliverance. Imbittered by no feeling of the injustices, indignities and the numberless indescribable injuries we have suffered in this land, we meet here to-day to thank God for deliverance, and to pledge with all our hearts, our love, patriotism and support of every interest of our common country.

We had no choice in selecting America as our home. We were decoyed from our father-land, and forced to serve as slaves in this country. In the Providence of God, this dungeon of the most ruthless prison was powdered, blasted and washed clean in the blood of America's noblest sons and made our home. But there are signs of the old disease developed and developing in a far more malignant form in the shape of murdering and lynching, and lawless mobs and the burning of human beings alive and many other Godless outrages which this country is morally bound to remedy. God, humanity and the onward march of civilization demand that an everlasting stop be put to these things--For be it understood by all who hear me this day Revolutions do not go backward; God has begun this work, and He will complete the work begun and grace in glory ends.

The Negroes were not and will not always be as they are . It was a plant of Africa that furnished the sublimely graphic picture and the wonderfully accurate illustration of the Messiaonic office of Jesus Christ, that called forth from Isaiah in charming eloquence, and in the profoundest

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sweetness these words-"For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant and as a root out of dry ground." This plant of the Prophet's vision grew in the North-Eastern part of Africa where it did not rain more than once in 25

years--But so peculiar was this plant that it furnished its own water by means of its large succulent roots, and thus moistured it was enable to defy the severest and longest drought. So it is with the sable descendants of that dark, neglected and unfortunate Continent. Though they have been enslaved in this land and subjected to the most trying hardships, they are endued with such peculiar vitality that they cannot be lawed out, starved out, murdered out, lynched out, burned out, migrated out and if the Force bill is passed they will not much longer be counted out.

Much ado is made of Tom Reed's count in the present Congress: this is the clearest proof that the white folks North, and the white folks South view Mathematics through different kaleidoscopes. When they were present. Reed counted them present. When we were present, they counted us absent-- When they were in. Reed counted them in, when we were in, they counted us out. Much eloquence and learning has been spent to show that the Negroes dying out and that they are not capable of self government and unworthy of the sacred franchise. John C. Calhoun went down into his grave saying "keep the Negroes down." The lamented Henry W. Grady, Georgia's proud son, spent the energies of a gifted mind trying to prove the inferiority of the Negroes, and that they should not aspire to any position in this government. But Grady is dead and gone and the Negroes still live and yet will come. There was another mighty man in Georgia--He was a scholar and a logician of the first order--He was an able writer and editor of a powerful Religious Journal--He believed, preached, taught and wrote that the Negroes were an inferior race and must die out in the midst of a superior race. That man's pen is palsied and his voice hushed in death; but the Negroes are here yet. That man was the distinguished Dr. Henry Holcombe Tucker of the *Christian Index* of Atlanta. There was another man more bitter still--Of us he published many ills--But he is dead and beneath the clods he sleeps--Yet the Negroes walk upon Macon's streets--That man was Editor Lamar of the *Macon Telegraph* . There was another mighty man who wielded an immense influence against us--His paper was bitter indeed--But a bullet from a pistol in the hands of a man of his own race pierced him and he fell mortally wounded: weltering in his blood, he died, and Negroes acquitted the man who slew him. That man was the able editor of the *News and Courier* of Charleston. Notwithstanding the alarming figures in the mortuary reports which come to us annually, and add to this number many thousands of

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murdered and lynched Negroes, yet their number has swollen to nearly Eight Millions in a quarter of a century. This is double the number we had 25 years ago--This is a happy dying out.

In spite of men and devils the Negroes will rise. Their night has been dark and long; but from Piagah's lofty heights I see the day is breaking-Pilgrims rejoice! the glorious sun is coming out of his fiery chambers and the clouds and the darkness are breaking away.

Africa was once the glory of the world; there was no learning so enviable as that of Egypt; for in painting, sculpturing and architecture we excelled. The art of printing is traced to Africa, and we gave the world its first idea of banking. During a famine in Canaan, we gave Abraham, the Father of the faithful, shelter and food; when starvation threatened the extinction of the Jews in Canaan, we gave Jacob and his family a home surrounded with plenty. Moses, the greatest legislator the the world has ever produced, was born upon our soil. When the treacherous Herod was flooding Bethlehem with the blood of babies seeking the Holy Child Jesus, our Lord found refuge in our cultured home; and when he went fainting and bleeding and falling to Calvary, scorned and derided by every other nation, a Negro helped him bear his cross.

The nations of earth are like men traveling over hills and valleys to a great city. When those ahead would be in the valley, those behind would be on a hill. It would be silly for those behind to boast that they were above those who were before--For those who are now in the valley were once on that same hill, and those who are behind must go down in that same valley. When they will be going down into that valley, those ahead will be going up the next hill. The Negroes, in the awful wake of moral courage, sweetness of disposition, loving spirit of forgiveness, meekness, humbleness, tenderness of heart, devotion to God and physical discipline, which demonstrate the development of true manhood, which is heaven's idea of greatness, are in advance of any other nation under heaven. However high the proud Caucasians may stand upon the hill and however vociferously they may extol their superiority and greatness, the Negroes are in the the next valley just ahead of them and eternal fate has decreed that the Negroes shall make the grand stand first. Let the world hear the news--let the rising Sun as he comes out of his scared chamber and unfolds his golden mantle declare it; let the stars as they dance in their diamond sockets, repeat it; let

the Moon, the Queen of night, as she rides in her silvery chariot, proclaim it; let the whistling winds sound it; let the flying clouds reveal it; let the awful thunders publish it; let the angry lightnings dispatch it; let it be written in burning letters upon the cerulean skies; yea, let Africa's

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sons and daughters in every land sing it; that as we are, we were not, and as we are, we will not remain. Up yonder hill we will go, it matters not what it may cost--for to remain below we will be lost.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

The vexed and intricate Negro Problem has received the attention of the civilized world. Volumes have been written upon it and yet its solution is a profound mystery.

Why is the Negro problem any more difficult of solution than any other problem? Has America gone at this solution in an earnest practical common sense way? The weak, poor, oppressed, ignorant and enslaved in every age of the world have presented a problem and whenever statesmen and liberty loving people have gone earnestly and practically at its solution, "fading away as the stars of the morning, losing their light in the glorious dawn," so have these difficulties and intricacies passed away gently and lovingly, only remembered by what they have done. For more than four hundred years the Jews presented a serious problem to the Egyptians-- in Africa, too, remember. We held the Jews as our slaves in Africa until God wrung them from our tenacious grasp. He solved that problem and rescued the Jews. In Babylon and Assyria the Jews presented a serious problem. In Great Britain the cultured Anglo-Saxons of to-day presented a serious problem. It might have been thought that they would have been so impressed by the oppression and hardships they endured that they would learn never to oppress, not even the beast--but alas! How soon do men forget the lessons which God in affliction teach them. The Irishmen in Ireland present a serious problem to-day. America is wonderfully interested in fair play and home rule for Ireland, but is totally blind and indifferent to the murdering, lynching, injustices, outrages and the countless atrocious crimes at its own door. Much is said about ignorant Negro domination. What different an ignorant Negro from an ingnorant Irishman or an ignorant anybody else? If education be the basis of recognition, then it would be consistent to rule out the ignorant of every race and turn in the educated of every race. If this rule was faithfully carried out, the Negroes would have more rights than they can now boast of. Of all the race problems to which I have referred, the Negro problem is the easiest of solution. This problem has an advantage over any other problem in several ways.

First, We think in writing and speaking the same language; there is no trouble of misunderstanding each other.

Second, We embrace the same Christian Religion, accept the same God as our common Father, washed in the same hallowed blood of

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Christ and are journeying to the same heaven.

Third, We are not lazy. We are tillers of the same soil. We are mingled in the families of this people. We cook their food, nurse their children and many of them are our fathers, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles and cousins. Surely these pleasant relations should, at least, serve as a key to the solution of this great problem. The Negroes are not foreign born--they have been subjects of no other government--they are patient, meek, humble, forgiving, kind hearted, good natured and religious: hence, the simple rule of fairness and common justice will throw a flood of light upon this great problem. If half the sympathy and money that is spent on Ireland were spent on the Negroes, the Negro problem would be as clear as the noon day sun at high meridian in a cloudless sky.

HOW TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

The Negroes have been made to feel that their votes were of paramount importance, and that the primary object of their emancipation was to clothe them with the right to vote. Hence, when they were first emancipated, they threw all of their souls into the ballot to the sad neglect of their brains and bodies. They were simply the tools of wicked

designing politicians who did them more harm than good. I entertain the opinion that if at first, the Negroes had been urged to get an education, homes, land and money, even to the exclusion of the ballot, they would have been infinitely better off and farther up the hill of prosperity. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the political inspiration with which we were enthused 25 years left but little room for anything else, and, hence, the greatest things have received the least attention. If the political teachers who came among us directly after the war had taught the necessity of getting homes and money while we were docile and in our formative state, they would have done us far more good; and would have erected to themselves a monument more lasting than brass, higher than the regal sights of Pyramids which the voracious winds nor the innumerable series of years could destroy. Do not understand me to denounce in toto what they did. Much of what they taught was right--but this they should have done and not have left the other undone. I judge it will not be denied that a man can do better without the right to vote and the protection of his ballot than he can without the right to live and the protection of his life. This government is far more anxious to throw around the ballot of the Negroes the mighty arm of its protection, and find it far more Constitutional to secure the ballot than to protect and secure their lives. I take it for granted that it will be admitted that the Negroes, of the two, would be better

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off without the ballot than without food, raiment, money and homes. They need these worse and should secure them first. Doubtless we all see this mistake. Let us set to work and correct it, as far as power in us lies. Success is in no other direction. Politicians may disagree with me, but if you will turn to the great Historical Dictionary of politics for the last 25 years, you will find that a politician means "one who wants an office that will pay well, and will usually do all in his power to get it, even at the expense of the best interest of the people, if there is no other road to the goal of his ambition." Hence they could not be expected to agree with me.

EDUCATION.

Education is that which develops the powers which nature has furnished us in their embryonal form. It is that which draws out the latent faculties and unties them in a pleasing symmetrical activity for the truest interest of a people. It is that which creates the desire for, and makes a people great. It lifts a people above low things, makes them better citizens, better neighbors, purifies and dignifies their homes. It begets the dispositions for virtue, thrift, frugality, justice and fair- play. It arms a people with the weapons with which to battle for their rights and to defend them when won. The ignorant people of every age have been and always will be in every age to come the servants of the *Educated* . To this rule there is no exception and from this decree there is no appeal. It is God's plan that intelligence--righteous intelligence--should rule. An ignorant man should not be placed in authority even though it be myself. If the ignorant rule the land groaneth just as truly as if the wicked ruled. The result would be the same if a Doctor killed the patient because of wickedness or because of ignorance. One of the most pressing needs of the Negroes is education. It is passing strange that the Negroes all over this broad land did not hold Educational Mass Meetings and urge, with all their might, the passage of the Blair Educational Bill. Senator Blair, in is efforts to pass this bill, is entitled to the everlasting gratitude and eternal support of every Negro in this land. I would rather see him President of this nation than any living man, and if Georgia's delegates to the next National Convention would hear me, they would vote for Blair first, last and all the time. This government ought to do something to remove the vast amount of illiteracy that drapes with a pall its National escutcheon. Is it more important to protect our ballot, and to secure our rights than to secure our intelligence? If Education is power, ignorance is weakness, and the more ignorance this government has, the weaker it is.

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HOMES LANDS AND MONEY.

If we would help control the country, we must help own it. I fear that the day is not far distant when those who own nothing shall control nothing. Mississippi has led the way, and I shall not be surprised if other States follow right along in the line of disfranchising, by their State Constitutions, the greater part of the Negroes, by property or educational qualifications. I warn you to get ready for it. A homeless people are a weak dependent people. A people

without homes or money raises their families as by chance. Their virtue is as banks without vaults or locks; it might be safe, but then it mightn't. It is every man's duty, yea, it is his privilege to bring up his family under his own vine and fig tree. Our homes must be the foundation of our greatness. We cannot be be collectively great if we are not first individually great--and be it understood, that we are just what we make ourselves. We cannot be made by laws nor Constitutions-we must carve our own destiny.

LANDS.

We were made of the dust and we should take peculiar pride in owning some of Mother Earth. If we had bought up the lands in the country and on the suburbs of the city of the cities and towns directly after the war when we could have done so for a song, we would be much better off to-day. I still advise the Negroes to buy land. Buy it anywhere you can get it. Be a free holder, and no powers on earth can keep you down. If the Negroes do not give this subject attention very soon they will see their mistake when it will be too late. This country is being rapidly flooded with foreigners of the poorest class of white people, and by and by they will buy up this land that is to-day lying idle and can be bought for a pittance, and the Negroes cannot then buy a foot of it for any price. This country bids fair to be the most wonderful theater of activity upon the Globe. I look forward to the day when the entire Continent will be cut up into little flourishing farms. I urge the Negroes to get ready to move off in the mighty march. Get land and cultivate farms--the farmer is a freeman indeed. He is lord of all he surveys. The Yankees did not give us that 40 acres of land and the old mules, but we must not be discouraged--we must have them.

MONEY.

We must get money if we would have power and influence. Money had a strange influence over men. It will help all through life. It helps you in the church, in the Courts, in the Legislatures and the National Congress. It influences the eloquent speaker and passes most, if not all of the bills. It will win recognition for you. This country is wild over the subject of money and whoever has it, is great.

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The Negroes make money, but they are not fortunate to save it. Many of the poor white people of Europe would have been vastly rich, if they had made, in the last 25 years, the money the Negroes have made. The Negroes throw away more money on excursions, whisky, tobacco and trifling Christmas toys than the poor white people of Europe and China make. There is no good reason for our being as poor as we are. The majority of the Negroes who are in the penitentiary are there more because they did not have money than that they were guilty. They did not have money to employ first class lawyers to defend them. The Negroes have monopolized the jails, chain-gangs and penitentiaries so that it is difficult for a white man to find room in the inn. The explanation is the white man gives bond, employs the best legal talent and if convicted, pays his fine. The Negroes have no money and must give their time. However good a salary the Negroes may be getting, one week's sickness will make the masses of them paupers indeed. As long as this state of things last, "in vain we tune our formal songs, in vain we strive to rise."

CO-OPERATION.

The Negroes ought to form Real Estate and Mercantile Associations and do business if it requires every member of the race to do it. We ought to organize Building and Loan Associations-indeed, we ought do every business that the white folks do and spend our money among ourselves. It is remarkably strange that the Negroes do not see the advantage that would come to the race from such a course. How can we expect to cope with the other races when we spend all our money with them, and they are careful to keep their money floating among themselves? It is high time the Negroes were undertaking great things. They ought to be engaged in Banking and Rail-Roading. This is the only way to solve the Negro Problem.

THE PRESS

It seems that it has not occurred to the Negroes that there is untold power in the press. A well conducted press wields an influence that nothing else can do. The Negroes must support a press or suffer countless wrongs.

There is no other way of placing our grievances before the public. White papers are not published to acquaint the world of the Negroes grievances. The Press has been a powerful instrument in the acceleration of civilization. The Press is to-day the most powerful means of Education. By means of the Press the people associate daily with the great minds of the world, and the people of the United States attend Congress every day. The Press revolutionizes, shapes and governs public opinion. The Negroes have done nothing like their duty

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in rallying to the support of the Colored Press. As a rule the Negroes take a paper for one year and seem to think that that will do forever. When they are asked to take your paper, they will take great pride in telling you that they took it five years ago. Most of the Negro papers are local and dependent almost entirely upon subscription for maintenance, for the reason that white merchants do not, very largely, advertise through colored papers and Negroes do not have much to advertise. It therefore takes a larger number of subscribers to keep a colored paper going than it does for a white paper. It requires such a little thing to make a Negro draw his support from a Negro paper. If there chances to be an article or an editorial with which he does not agree, or if his name appears without the handle, he is done with the paper forever. He seems to feel that for his $1.50 the whole paper must be conducted to suit him; the editor and the other subscribers to the contrary notwithstanding. The white papers may say the most abusive and slanderous things about him and call him "the Negro Tom." And call his wife a "Negro wench" and yet he grins and subscribes again. Then, on the other hand, the editor of colored papers have, too often, felt it a privilege to use the columns of their papers, which the people made it possible for them to publish, to vent their spleen upon those who honestly differed from them. This is a mutual weakness which must be remedied ere we succeed. Let us prick the public conscience by acquainting the public of our griefs, sufferings, injuries and the countless ills we suffer in this country through a well conducted and widely circulated Press. Let editors and subscribers lay down all personal differences and make a long, strong and united strike for the public good. Leaders who divide the people with their personal differences and animosity ought to be denounced by the people and forced down and out.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THIS GOVERNMENT.

It must appear to the thoughtful observer that this country is bordering on a fearful revolution. There are four great political parties in this country occupying each an unbounded, unutterable and the bitterest hostility to the other. On the North is the Republican party; on the South is the Democratic party; on the West is the Farmers' Aliance; and on the East is the Prohibition party. These are held together, as with a thread, by the rapidly waning patriotism and fading love of liberty. But there is a thundering volcano burning in awful fury beneath them. There is bound to be a terrible smash and I want the Negroes to get ready to jump on the biggest piece. When I think of the results of the war I am reminded of the hungry cats--two hungry cats stole some cheese and fell out about the equitable division

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of them. A monkey was called in as Judge of the division and to settle the dispute. Judge Monkey cut the cheese into two pieces and threw them in balances--one piece was larger than the other--he bit off a piece and that was made smaller than the other--biting off first one piece then the other until the cheese were about all gone. The cats cried out to the Judge, give thyself no further trouble, only give us the remaining and we will be content. "The Judge said not so gentleman, the law must take its course," and cramming both pieces in his mouth, he very gravely dismissed the court. The cats left court more hungry but wiser.

The North and the South stole Negroes from Africa--the Negroes were not profitable at the North as that climate was too cold for them. They were transferred to the South where their value was greatly enhanced. The North saw a great prosperity for the South in this human property with no adequate return for the exported cheese; hence the quarrel begun. In the providence of God liberty was called in as Judge--nothing but an entire swallowing of this cheese in its hallowed corporation would satisfy this divinely appointed Judge--the North cried out hold on, the South said stop, but the Judge said justice must take its course.

Injustices and wrong doing cannot last. God is against it, right cannot compromise with wrong. This nation has done us a thousand wrongs. It is God's plan to requite every wrong, and overthrow nation, kingdoms and empires; when the cup of their wrath was filled up they always fell in their glory.

The Antedeluvian world was floating in wealth and grandeur, men lived to be seven, eight and nine hundred years old, and sin, wickedness and crime stalked in the world as black as night, offensive in God's sight, and these giants who filled the earth with violence and the whole corrupt race were swept away in a mighty flood.

After the flood, when men began to multiply and re-people the earth, murdering, injustices and numberless outrages characterized their dealing with each other. They undertook to prepare them a defense against God, and commenced the building of the tower of Babel. God confused their tongues and scattered them around the Globe; and in wealth, grandeur and glory, the Assyrian Empire, the first upon the face of the Earth, fell. The Egyptians held the Jews as property, and rose to the highest glory and culture. Maddened by their prosperity they rushed thoughtlessly into the jaws of death and perished in the Red Sea, endeavoring to capture those whom God was leading. When Babylon forgot that the mighty God ruled in the kingdom of men, in her highest wealth and glory, she fell; after many heart-revolting cruelties and the flood of blood, the loss of lives and

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property, the Persian Empire fell. Because of its wickedness and unrighteousness, Jerusalem in its supremest magnificence, fell and her people carried in chains to a strange land. The same thing is true of Greece and Rome--in the zenith of their power, they were buried in a common ruin. The United States might have been kept in subordination to England, had England yielded to the fair and reasonable request of giving this people due representation for taxation. The South would have, to-day, been incalculably wealthy, with human beings as property, had she accepted the overtures that were offered her. And even after the war begun, had she accepted the 90 days overture, we would have been slaves to-day. But as the Egyptians, God hardened her heart, and blinded by her untold wealth, she rushed into a sea of blood in which slavery eternally perished. God used Jeff Davis as well as Lincoln--both played a wonderful part in our Emancipation.

In keeping with God's dealing with nations, and according to the historical hints I have given you, it is about time for a tremendous revolution. We stand to-day, I believe, my fellow-citizens, upon an awful catastrophe. I believe a great change is in the near future. The righteous Judge of all the Earth will avenge all the blood this people have shed. And in the language of Hector predicting the fall of Troy, let me quote:--

> "Yet come it will-the day decreed by fates
> How my heart trembles while my tongue relates;
> The day when thou, Imperial Troy, must bend,
> And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end!"

I must not close this address without paying the compliments to the better class of white folks South, which I know they so richly deserve. I know that many of them do not endorse the lawless mobs, and murdering of Negroes that have too often occurred in the South and especially in this proud Empire State. I know that many of them regret as truly as I do the East Point, Jesup and Baxley outrages,--but it is evident that we need stronger men in authority to administer justice,--men who will not be influenced by political consideration to wink at lawlessness. I regret profoundly that we have not had men at the head of affairs with stronger moral courage,--men who would dare to do right regardless of their chances for success in the next election. I have no doubt that these lawless outrages could be stopped if these same good white folks and the Negroes were to act together. The truth is the kindly disposed and right thinking white folks are politically hampered by the Democratic party and the Negroes by the Republican party. Politicians of both parties are keeping

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us apart to our serious hurt. I advocate a shaking of ourselves from these bands, and let us be free. There is no chance of dividing the Negro vote as long as the white folks South wink at these outrages and it will be impossible for the Republican party to poll the Negroes votes as long as they advise no remedy to put a stop to this lawless slaughtering of the Negroes. The result will be that the Negroes will stay away from the polls and their bitterest disgust will increase for both parties, as the lonesome days go by. Fred Douglass said: "That the Republican party

was the ship and that all else was the sea,"--but since that time the ship has sprung a thousand leaks and is rapidly sinking down into the angry sea. A third party is the only life boat in which we may pull for the shore, except the ship can be towed ashore and overhauled.

Here is what I call true patriotism,--true manhood and true courage. It is from the pen of one of the fairest men in the South. I would get up before day, a cold, stormy morning in March, to vote for Col. Estill of the *Savannah Morning News* for Governor of Georgia. Under the caption "A word to Jurors," he writes the following editorial Monday Dec. 29th, 1890:--

A WORD TO JURORS.

"Two black men have been convicted of murder in this county recently and sentenced to be hanged. There is no fault to be found with the verdict in either case. The jurors did their duty.

"But there is a thought in connection with these cases that it might be well to impress upon the minds of citizens who are likely to be called as jurors. There have been white men tried in this country for murder within very late years, and the evidence against them was as strong as the evidence against these black men. They were not convicted of murder in the first degree, and why?

"It has often been said that it is about impossible to convict a white man of murder in any part of the south, particularly if the murderer is a man of any influence and has enough money to employ able counsel. This statement is, of course, too sweeping. But it must be admitted that juries show altogether too much sympathy for white murderers.

"The hanging of black men for murder and the inflicting of a lighter punishment upon white men for the same offense will not have a very beneficial effect upon the black population. Such partiality in the administration of justice will embitter the blacks and will give greater license in the commission of crimes of violence to the whites.

"Criminals, white and blacks, must be treated alike. Before the infliction of the death penalty will do the good it ought to there must be a public sentiment that will demand that there shall be no leniency shown by courts and juries to white murderers.

"Jurors seem to think they must deal with white murderers differently from black ones. They are mistaken. At the bar of justice

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white and blacks stand on a footing of equality, and when juries acquita white murderer or send him to the penitentiary where he has a chance of being pardoned, and consign a black one to the gallows, they not only violate their oaths but they do society an injury.

"The black murderers recently convicted in this county deserved, no doubt, to be convicted. Let white murderers also be given their deserts."

This editorial might have added "and especially if the white murders a Negro." But the editorial is too good for me to insist upon this amendment however just it may be. This criticism upon the white people, however, might be in order. It appears that the better class of them consider it belittling to sit on the jury and see that justice is done all around for the good of the community and state, and somehow manage to get off or keep off the jury. In most of our courts a simple glance at the jury will convince the most casual observer that the most intelligent citizens are not there. How this happens to be true, I do not know, and where the remedy is, I cannot say; but it seems to me that there ought to be some other qualification for one to be a juror other than a citizen. Let the whites and blacks unitedly contend for *principles* . In the language of another, let me say--"Principles have no modesty. It is their nature to rule, and they steadily assert their privilege. Do they encounter in their paths other principles that would dispute their Empire, they give battle immediately. A principle never rests until it has gained the victory; and it cannot be otherwise,--with it to reign is to live. If it does not reign supreme, it dies."

As the glorious panacea for every ill, personal or national, let me give you as the conclusion the language of John Muller the distinguished Historian:--

"The gospel is the fulfilment of every hope, the perfection of all philosophy, the interpreter of every revolution, the key to all seeming contradictions in the physical and moral world; it is life and immortality. ..... Since I have known the Saviour, everything is clear to my eyes; with him there is no difficulty that I cannot solve."

Having done all in our power to solve this great Negro Problem, let us accept the gospel principle and leave the rest with God. He will bring us out alright and not a dog shall wag his tongue against us.

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To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

Study Guide for Activity Three: The Emancipation Oration

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1. Write a complete bibliographic entry for the Emancipation Oration using MLA format.

2. Define "oration:"

3. Who delivers the oration?

4. What do you know about this person?

5. What is the setting for the oration?
   - Place delivered?
   - Date delivered?
   - Occasion?

6. What is the theme of the oration?

7. What is the comparison Love makes in the first paragraph of Page 4?
   - What does this comparison tell the reader about his belief in the African American spirit?

8. Love's speech is rich in literary devices. Identify examples of the following:
   - Metaphor:
   - Simile:
   - Personification:
   - Allusion:

9. Love addresses what he calls the "Negro Problem." How does he define this problem?

10. Explain Love's statement, "I judge it will not be denied that a man can do better without the right to vote and the protection of his ballot than he can without the right to live and the protection of his life." Why does Love proclaim that education is one of the most pressing needs of the Negro?

11. Briefly explain Love's statement, "If we would help control the country, we must own it."

12. What fable does Love tell, and how does he relate it to the "Negro Problem"?

13. Love closes with a story of two black men who have been convicted of murder and sentenced to hang.
    - What is the message of this story?
    - What does this story tell the reader of Love's views on justice?

14. After carefully reading the oration, write a paragraph summing up what Love calls the "Negro Problem." Do you agree or disagree with Love? Explain your answer.

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To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

Opposing Perspectives on the Race Problem

Activity One: Booker T. Washington in Atlanta, Georgia. September, 1895.
(1 day)

1. In American Memory, search African American Perspectives, 1818-1907 for Booker T. Washington's speech at the International Exposition in Atlanta, Georgia.
2. Read Washington's speech, and the two letters accompanying it.
3. After reading the speech, formulate and write down the questions you might ask Washington about what he says in this speech.
4. Write a summary of the position Booker T. Washington takes in his speech.

Booker T. Washington,
ca. 1890.
The African American Odyssey: A Quest for Full Citizenship

Activity Two: W.E.B. Dubois and *The Souls of Black Folks*, 1903. (1 day)

1. Read an excerpt from "Of the Sons of Master and Man," Chapter IX of W.E.B. DuBois' work *The Souls of Black Folks*, one of the African-American texts available in the Modern English Collection at the Electronic Text Center of the University of Virginia. Other segments of the work may be preferred by the teacher or the students.

   The selected reading begins on page 127 of the electronic text:

   > "I have thus far sought to make clear the physical, economic, and political relations of the Negroes and whites in the South, as I have conceived them. . ."

   It ends on page 130 with the phrase:

   > "that same line wavers and disappears. . ."

Dr. W.E.B. Dubois,

2. After reading this selection, formulate and write down the questions you might ask DuBois about what he says in the text.

3. Write a summary of DuBois' reflections on the "color-line" as expressed in the selected text.

July 18, 1946
Creative Americans: Portraits by Carl Van Vechten, 1932-1964

Activity Three: The Great Debate. (2 days)

1. Divide the class into three groups:
   - Group One advocates Booker T. Washington's opinions on race relations.
   - Group Two advocates W.E.B. DuBois' position on contact between the races.
   - Group Three constitutes a panel questioning the beliefs of each man.

2. The three groups spend a day in preparation for a "Great Debate." Groups One and Two review, research, and prepare to debate the respective positions of Washington and DuBois. Group Three reviews the questions generated by the class from their readings and selects questions for the debate.

3. The debate follows a "presidential debate" format. Each member of the panel of questioners asks a question of one side. That side formulates a response. One of the members of the group delivers the response in imitating the speaking style of the man whose views the group represent. The group representing the opposing side is then given the opportunity to respond to the same question or to attempt to refute the other side's position. The order and procedure alternates between the two groups. Set time limits to responses.

4. Read Dudley Randall's poem "Booker T. and W. E. B." The poem is available in Danner, Margaret and Dudley Randall. *Poem Counter Poem*. Detroit, MI.: Broadside Press, 1969.

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http://lcweb2.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/murray:@field(DOCID+@lit(T0C15))

AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | NEW SEARCH

African American Perspectives: Pamphlets from the Daniel A.P.Murray Collection, 1818-1907

Address of Booker T. Washington, principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama, delivered at the opening of the Cotton States and International Exposition, at Atlanta, Ga., September 18, 1895 : with a letter of congratulation from the president of the United States.

Bibliographic information

{Page image}
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ADDRESS
OF
Booker T. Washington
PRINCIPAL OF THE
Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute,
TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA.
DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF THE
Cotton States and International Exposition,
AT ATLANTA, GA., SEPTEMBER 18, 1895,
WITH
A Letter of Congratulation
FROM THE
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

{Begin handwritten} Tuskegee Ala.
1895 *{End handwritten}*

{Begin page}

The requests from all parts of this country, and even out of it, for copies of this address have been so many and so constant that it has been decided to put it into this more permanent form.

{Begin page no. 3}

Gray Gables, Buzzard's Bay, Mass.,
October 6, 1895.
Booker T. Washington, Esq.
My Dear Sir : I thank you for sending me a copy of your address delivered at the Atlanta Exposition.

I thank you with much enthusiasm for making the address. I have read it with intense interest, and I think the Exposition would be fully justified if it did not do more than furnish the opportunity for its delivery. Your words cannot fail to delight and encourage all who wish well for your race; and if our colored fellow citizens do not from your utterances gather new hope and form new deterinations to gain every valuable advantage offered them by their citizenship, it will be strange indeed.
Yours very truly,

Grover Cleveland.

{Begin page no. 4}

Editor Atlanta *Constitution* , September 19, 1895.]

CLARK HOWELL.
Atlanta, Ga., September 19.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD:
I do not exaggerate when I say that Prof. Booker T. Washington's address yesterday was one of the most notable speeches, both as to character and the warmth of its reception, ever delivered to a Southern audience. It was an epoch-making talk, and marks distinctly a turning point in the progress of the Negro race, and its effect in bringing about a perfect understanding between the whites and blacks of the South will be immediate. The address was a revelation. It was the first time that a Negro orator had appeared on a similar occasion before a Southern audience.

The propriety of inviting a representative of the Negro race to participate in the opening exercises was fully discussed a month ago, when the opening program was being arranged. Some opposition was manifested on account of the fear that public sentiment was not prepared for such an advanced step. The invitation, however, was extended by a vote of the Board of Directors, and the cordial greeting which the audience gave Washington's address shows that the board made no mistake. There was not a line in the address which would have been changed even by the most sensitive

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{Begin page no. 5}
of those who thought the invitation to be imprudent. The whole speech is a platform on which the whites and blacks can stand with full justice to each race.

The speech is a full vindication from the mouth of a representative Negro of the doctrine so eloquently advanced by Grady and those who have agreed with him that it is to the South that the Negro must turn for his best friend, and that his welfare is so closely identified with the progress of the white people of the South that each race is mutually dependent upon the other, and that the so-called "race problem" must be solved in the development of the natural relations growing out of the association between the whites and blacks of the South.

The question of social equality is eliminated as a factor in the development of the problem, and the situation is aptly expressed by Washington in the statement that "in all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

The speech will do good, and the unanimous approval with which it has been received demonstrates the fact that it has already done good.
Clark Howell,
Editor of the Atlanta Constitution

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MR. WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Board of Directors and Citizens:
One third of the population of the South is of the Negro race. No enterprise seeking the material, civil, or moral welfare of this section can disregard this element of our population and reach the highest success. I but convey to you, Mr. President and Directors, the sentiment of the masses of my race when I say that in no way have the value and manhood of the American Negro been more fittingly and generously recognized than by the managers of this

magnificent Exposition at every stage of its progress. It is a recognition that will do more to cement the friendship of the two races than any occurrence since the dawn of our freedom.

Not only this, but the opportunity here afforded will awaken among us a new era of industrial progress. Ignorant and inexperienced, it is not strange that in the first years of our new life we began at the top instead of at the bottom; that a seat in Congress or the State Legislature was more sought than real estate or industrial skill; that the political convention or stump speaking had more attractions than starting a dairy farm or truck garden.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen a signal: "Water, water; we die of

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thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back: "Cast down your bucket where you are." A second time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." And a third and fourth signal for water was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land, or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man, who is their next door neighbor, I would say: "Cast down your bucket where you are"--cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded.

Cast it down in agriculture, mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions. And in this connection it is well to bear in mind that whatever other sins the South may be called to bear, when it comes to business, pure and simple, it is in the South that the Negro is given a man's chance in the commercial world, and in nothing is this Exposition more eloquent than in emphasizing this chance. Our greatest danger is, that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the productions of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life; shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial, the

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ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the 8,000,000 Negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, built your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them as you are doing on these grounds, and to education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. While doing this, you can be sure in the future, as in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding, and unresentful people that the world has seen. As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you

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with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defense of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests of

both races one. In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

There is no defense or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all. If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the Negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating, encouraging, and making him the most useful and intelligent citizen. Effort or means so invested will pay a thousand per cent interest. These efforts will be twice blessed--"blessing him that gives and him that takes."

There is no escape through law of man or God from the inevitable:

> The laws of changeless justice bind
> Oppressor with oppressed;
> And close as sin and suffering joined
> We march to fate abreast.

Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upwards, or they will pull you against the load downwards. We shall constitute one third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one third its intelligence and progress; we shall contribute one third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic.

Gentlemen of the Exposition, as we present to you our humble effort at an exhibition of our progress, you

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{Begin page no. 10}
must not expect overmuch. Starting thirty years ago with ownership here and there in a few quilts and pumpkins and chickens (gathered from miscellaneous sources), remember the path that has led from these to the inventions and production of agricultural implements, buggies, steam engines, newspapers, book, statuary, carving, paintings, the management of drug stores and banks has not been trodden without contact with thorns and thistles. While we take pride in what we exhibit as a result of our independent efforts, we do not for a moment forget that our part in this exhibition would fall far short of your expectations but for the constant help that has come to our educational life, not only from the Southern States, but especially from Northern philanthropists, who have made their gifts a constant stream of blessing and encouragement.

The wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremist folly, and tha progress in the enjoyment of all the privileges that will come to us must be the result of severe and constant struggle rather than of artificial forcing. No race that has anything to contribute to the markets of the world is long in any degree ostracized. It is important and right that all privileges of the law be ours, but it is vastly more important that we be prepared for the exercises of these privileges. The opportunity to earn a dollar in a factory just now is worth infinitely more than the opportunity to spend a dollar in an opera house.

In conclusion, may I repeat that nothing in thirty years has given us more hope and encouragement, and drawn us so near to you of the white race, as this opportunity offered by the Exposition; and here bending,

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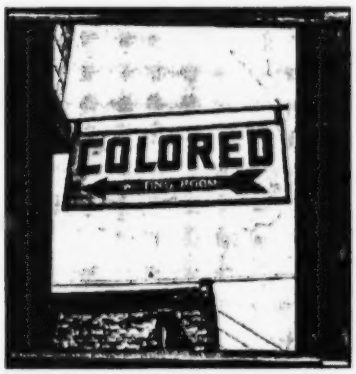
{Begin page no. 11}
as it were, over the altar that represents the results of the struggles of your race and mine, both starting practically empty-handed three decades ago, I pledge that in your effort to work out the great and intricate problem which God has laid at the doors of the South you shall have at all times the patient, sympathetic help of my race; only let this be constantly in mind that, while from representations in these buildings of the product of field, of forest, of mine, of factory, letters, and art, much good will come, yet far above and beyond material benefits will be that higher good, that let us pray God will come, in a blotting out of sectional differences and racial animosities and suspicions, in a determination to administer absolute justice, in a willing obedience among all classes to the mandates of law. This, this, coupled with our material prosperity, will bring into our beloved South a new heaven and a new earth.

To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

Struggle for Equality

Activity One: Readings on Racial Violence (2 days)

1. Lesson Preparation: Print our 4-8 copies of each of the following five articles:
   - "The Average Congressman--What He Don't Know", from "The Voice of the Carpet Bagger.
   - "Lynch Law in Georgia" by Ida B. Wells-Barnett (1862-1931).
   - "Clippings From Some of Our Leading Southern Newspapers," Part II. Mob violence is inexcusable and all matters should be determined in a lawful assembly" from "A Sermon on Lynch Law and Raping," by Emanuel K. Love (1850-1900).
   - "A Protest Against the Burning and Lynching of Negroes" by Booker T. Washington.
   - "To the Members of the Anti-Lynching Bureau" by Ida B. Wells-Barnett (1862-1931).
2. Explain to the students that they are going to read and discuss a selection of news clippings, sermons, and narratives that depict the continued struggle for equality and mistreatment of African American citizens.



3. In American Memory, open African American Perspectives: Pamphlets from the Daniel A. P. Murray Collection, 1818-1907 and read the Introduction.
4. Divide the class into groups of 10 students each and have the students within each group pair off.
5. Pass out paper copies of the five articles from *African American Perspectives*.
6. Assign one of the five articles to each pair of students in each group. Explain to the students that each pair wil read the assigned article and discuss it with their partners.
7. Students will have one day to read and discuss the assigned article with their partners. Each pair should become thoroughly familiar with the assigned reading and prepare to share their knowledge with the class. Additional research on the background of the article may be necessary. Students should carefully note other sources consulted.

Activity Two: In the News (3 days)

1. Each student pair presents the information they have compiled about their assigned article to their group.

2. Each group plans a "60 Minutes"-style news program reporting events from the struggle for equality as depicted in the readings. The program should include the following:
   - A lead-in to the program including an original title.
   - Feature stories on authors of the selected reading.
   - Complete credits for works consulted.
   - Feature stories on the "Race Problem."
   - Feature stories on potential solutions to the "Race Problem."
   - Historical background to the "Race Problem."
   - Students may choose to video tape the production and add visuals and music. (Optional)

3. On the final day of the project, each group presents its news program to the class.

Activity Three: Literary Response (1 Day)

1. Lesson Preparation: For classroom distribution, photocopy the poem "Strong Men" by Sterling Brown. The poem is available in *Collected Poems of Sterling A. Brown*. Evanston, Ill.: TriQuarterly Books, 1996.

2. Distribute copies of the poem to the students.

3. Read the poem, both silently and aloud.

4. Complete the Reader's Guide for "Strong Men"

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African American Perspectives: Pamphlets from the Daniel A.P.Murray Collection, 1818-1907

Click here to see the full text of this document.

Lynch law in Georgia /

Wells-Barnett, Ida B., 1862-1931.

CREATED/PUBLISHED
Chicago : This pamphlet is circulated by Chicago Colored Citizens ..., [1899]

NOTES
Cover title.

"June 20, 1899"--P. [1].

LC copy has annotations in pencil; on t.p.: 1889. DLC

Accounts of nine lynchings as recorded in two major Georgia newspapers as a commentary on southern white racism, together with results of a private investigation of the incidents to ascertain the facts. Wells-Barnett hoped to use this information in an appeal to stop such lawlessness.

SUBJECTS
Le Vin, Louis P.
Hose, Samuel.
Strickland, Elijah.
Lynching--Georgia.
Afro-Americans--Georgia.

MEDIUM
[1], 18 p. ; 20 cm.

CALL NUMBER
E449 .D16 vol. 16, no. 12

REPRODUCTION NUMBER

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COLLECTION
Daniel Murray Pamphlet Collection (Library of Congress)

DIGITAL ID
(h) **lcrbmrp t1612**

A protest against the burning and lynching of Negroes : by Booker T. Washington.

Bibliographic information

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A PROTEST AGAINST THE BURNING AND LYNCHING OF NEGROES.
BY
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

[The following letter was originally printed in the Birmingham Age-Herald, Monday, February 29, 1904, and was also sent out by the Associated Press to the newspapers of the country:]

Within the last fortnight three members of my race have been burned at the stake; of these one was a woman. Not one of the three was charged with any crime even remotely connected with the abuse of a white woman. In every case murder was the sole accusation. All of these burnings took place in broad daylight and two of them occurred on Sunday afternoon in sight of a Christian church.

In the midst of the nation's busy and prosperous life few, I fear take time to consider where these brutal and inhuman crimes are leading us. The custom of burning human beings has become so common as scarcely to excite interest or attract unusual attention.

I have always been among those who condemned in the strongest terms crimes of whatever character committed by members of my race, and I condemn them now with equal severity; but I maintain that the only protection of our civilization is a fair and calm trial of all people charged with crime and in their legal punishment if proved guilty.

There is no shadow of excuse for departure from legal methods in the cases of individuals accused of murder. The

{Begin page}
laws are as a rule made by the white people and their execution is in the hands of the white people; so that there is little probability of any guilty colored man escaping.

These burnings without a trial are in the deepest sense unjust to my race; but it is not this injustice alone which stirs my heart. These barbarous scenes followed, as they are, by publication of the shocking details are more disgraceful and degrading to the people who inflict the punishment than those who receive it.

If the law is disregarded when a Negro is concerned, it will soon be disregarded when a white man is concerned; and, besides, the rule of the mob destroys the friendly relations which should exist between the races and injures and interferes with the material prosperity of the communities concerned.

Worst of all these outrages take place in communities where there are Christian churches; in the midst of people who have their Sunday schools, their Christian Endeavor Societies and Young Men's Christian Associations, where collections are taken up for sending missionaries to Africa and China and the rest of the so-called heathen world.

Is it not possible for pulpit and press to speak out against these burnings in a manner that shall arouse a public sentiment that will compel the mob to cease insulting our courts, our Governors and legal authority; cease bringing

shame and ridicule upon our Christian civilization
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
Tuskegee, Ala., February 22, 1904.

Information about SGML version of this document.

AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | NEW SEARCH

African American Perspectives: Pamphlets from the Daniel A.P.Murray Collection, 1818-1907

Click here to see the full text of this document.

To the members of the Anti-Lynching Bureau /

Wells-Barnett, Ida B., 1862-1931.

CREATED/PUBLISHED
Chicago : Office of Anti-Lynching Bureau ..., [1902]

NOTES
"Jan. 1st, 1902."

LC copy has inscription in ink: Daniel Murray, asst. DLC

An appeal by Wells-Barnett to African Americans to support the Anti-Lynching Bureau via membership and money at a time when lynchings were rising and newspaper accounts and interest declining.

SUBJECTS
Lynching.
Anti-Lynching Bureau.

MEDIUM
1 sheet ([1] p.) ; 22 x 15 cm.

CALL NUMBER
E449 .D16 vol. 17, no. 11

REPRODUCTION NUMBER

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COLLECTION
Daniel Murray Pamphlet Collection (Library of Congress)

DIGITAL ID
(h) **lcrbmrp t1711**

To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

Reader's Guide for "Strong Men"

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1. Explain line 10 of the poem.

2. What have you read in earlier readings for this unit that supports your interpretation of line 10? Make specific references to earlier readings.

3. How does the poem document the struggle of the African American people?

4. What is your interpretation of the last stanza of the poem?

5. The author intersperses dialect with standard English. What is the poet trying to convey?

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